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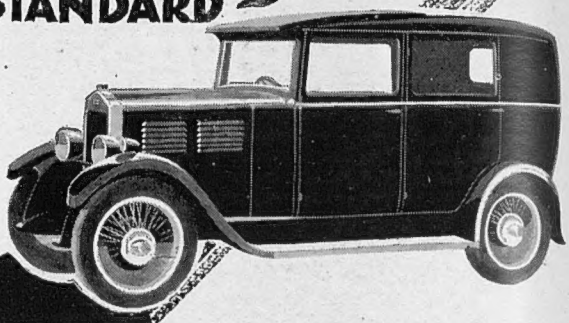

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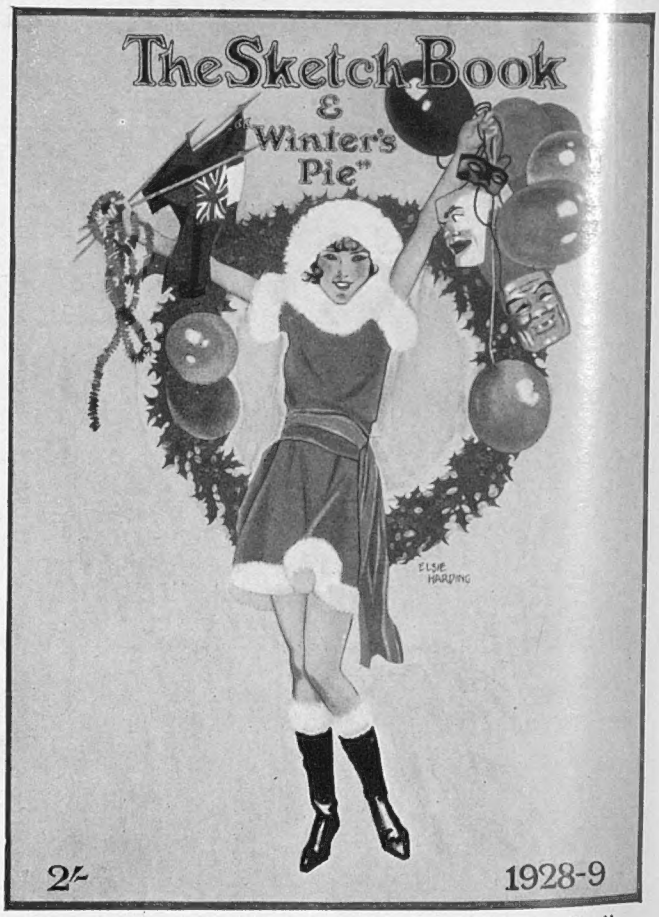


The Cover of The Sketch Book & "Winter's Pie."

NOW READY

The Bystander, December 19, 1928 No. 1305. Vol. C.

The BYSTANDER

BY ANNE ROCHESTER

SHADOWED!

BY ARTHUR WARDLE

REVERIE

L.N.A.

THE DUCHESS VISITS "DOWN AND OUTS"

The Duchess of York photographed at the Church Army's shelter for homeless men in the Waterloo Road. She is seen here inspecting the Christmas parcels that are being sent to distressed mining areas

WHO-WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Other Years at Sandringham

FOR the first time for many years there will be no Royal Christmas at Sandringham. King George and Queen Mary followed in every detail the programme laid down by King Edward and Queen Alexandra when they first went to Sandringham as Prince and Princess of Wales. There were presents of meat and groceries for villagers and tenants, presents for all the estate officials and servants; nobody was overlooked or forgotten. It was Queen Alexandra's plan to arrange a table for each member of the Royal Family in the ballroom, and on these tables each person's presents were set out, the King and Queen's tables, which were in the centre of the room, always being heaped high with parcels.

Despite the unceasing anxiety during the King's illness the Queen personally superintended the packing and arrangements for the despatch of her Christmas presents. I suppose Her Majesty gives more presents at Christmas than anybody in the country. No member of her family, not one of her friends, is forgotten. This is a custom she has followed every year since her girlhood, and not long ago I saw in the house of an old friend of hers a glass case in which were carefully treasured the Queen's gifts for over thirty years.

The Younger Generation

I THINK there has been a good deal of exaggeration in the statements that the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme are so opposed to the marriage of their eldest daughter, Princess Marie Louise of Orléans, to Mr. W. F. Kingsland, of New York, that they will not recognise it. Their younger daughter, Princess Geneviève, married a non-Royal person, the Comte de Chaponay, and they recognised that; whilst their only son, the Duke de Nemours, who at one time studied farming on Lord Rodney's ranch in Canada, married an American lady last April. The Duke de Vendôme is the son of that Duchess d'Alençon who was so tragically burnt to death at the fire at the Bazar de la Charité in Paris. His wife is a sister of the King of the Belgians, who will now have two Americans as nephew and niece-in-law. During the War they lived at Belmont, a big house at Wimbledon which the Duke inherited from his father.

Sport and General

PRINCESS MARY IN THE MIDLANDS

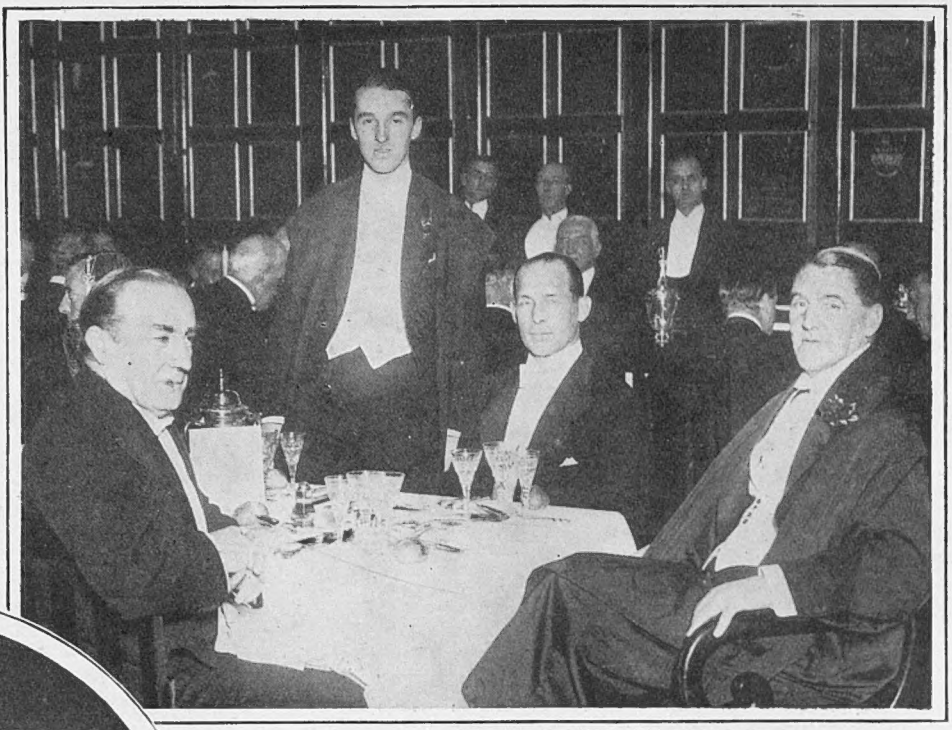
Princess Mary photographed on her recent visit to Northampton. She is seen here walking in the grounds of the Crippled Children's Hospital

Princess Marie Louise of Orléans has lived for some time past at a charming house in Sussex. Twelve years ago she was married at the age of twenty to one of the many sons of the Count of Caserta, *de jure* King of Naples, but this marriage was annulled.

As time goes on and the chances of the various Pretenders to thrones ever being summoned to mount them grow more and more remote, it is only natural that the younger scions of these Royal houses should break away from the old rule of equal marriages. In these Royal equal marriages there is always an element of the *mariage de convenance*, and the younger folk, therefore, are more and more often following the dictates of their own hearts and choice. The older generation, however, for the most part regard the marriage of a Royal Prince or Princess with a commoner as an unpardonable offence, a breaking away from family law that cannot be overlooked.

King George's Hospital

THE Lord Mayor appeals for funds for a new hospital, to be called "King George's Hospital." In that area to the east of London known as Thames-side there is no hospital accommodation except at Ilford, and that is inadequate for the needs of the town itself. Houses have sprung up everywhere in the district, chiefly for those for whom no room is available in London, and round Becontree alone some 200,000 people will ultimately be housed. It is estimated that the population in the area which the new hospital is destined to serve will be close upon half a million. Contributions for this much-needed hospital should be sent to the honorary treasurer, the Hon. Charles Rhys, 10, Downing Street.



A COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATION *L.N.A.*

A photograph taken at the recent dinner given in the Gray's Inn Hall by Lord Birkenhead to celebrate the coming-of-age of his son, Lord Furneaux—this being the first occasion that a coming-of-age banquet has been held in this historic hall. The Prime Minister (left), Lord Furneaux, the Ex-King George of Greece and Lord Birkenhead

Barratts

THE NEW PRESIDENT

A photograph of Sir William Llewellyn, R.A. He has been elected President of the Royal Academy in place of the late Sir Frank Dicksee

Sir Arthur Paget

SIR ARTHUR PAGET will be greatly missed at Cannes, where for many years past he has spent the winter; in fact, he had only recently arrived there from his house on Kingston Hill when he was seized with his fatal illness. Born the grandson of the Marquess of Anglesey, of Waterloo fame, it was only natural that Sir Arthur should be a splendid soldier. He joined the Scots Guards fifty-nine years ago, and after serving in the Egyptian and South African campaigns was given the command of a division at Aldershot. This was followed by a similar command in Ireland, during which Lord French (then Sir John French) resigned his position as Chief of the General Staff on the matter of the possible coercion of Ulster. Sir Arthur Paget did not hold the same views as Lord French—a difference which led to his receiving no command abroad when the War broke out.

Sir Arthur was an intimate friend of King Edward, and he and Lady Paget, a charming American, were numbered amongst the small circle which was known as "the Marlborough House set." Some time before her death Lady Paget fell down the lift shaft of their house in London and injured herself so severely that afterwards she had to go about in a wheeled chair. But this in no way affected her social activities and interests. To the end she was one of the most charming hostesses in London.

Sir Arthur was a great gardener, with an almost encyclopædic knowledge of botany, and could tell you as much about the trees and shrubs at Kew as the curators themselves. Quite late in life he gave up golf and took to yachting, sailing in most of the yacht races on the Riviera. He was amongst the last of a social order that has virtually passed away.

The New P.R.A.

THE President of the Royal Academy occupies a position entirely unlike that of the head of any similar institution in the world. Not only has he to be a painter of distinction, but he has to possess social knowledge and experience, and, above all, the gift of representation. The new President, Sir William Llewellyn, who was elected last week to succeed the late Sir Frank Dicksee, is known to possess all these qualifications.

Sir William is known to visitors to the Royal Academy chiefly as a portrait painter. He painted the State portrait of Queen Mary in the year of the accession, which now hangs at Windsor, and is always considered the best ever painted of Her Majesty. At least eighty replicas have been painted of this portrait for our

A PRINCESS'S MARRIAGE

Princess Marie Louise of Orléans, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, and niece of the King and Queen of the Belgians. She has recently married Mr. W. F. Kingsland, of New York

Embassies abroad and other places, the largest number ever made of a State portrait. Sir William also painted the portrait of the Queen which hangs in the United Services Club.

No Wardrobe

THE Prince of Wales left Rhodesia so hurriedly when the news of the King's illness reached him that he left practically all his clothes behind, travelling to Brindisi literally in the suit he had on. Sir Godfrey Thomas, who went to Brindisi to meet him, therefore took a complete outfit for the Prince's long train journey through Italy, Switzerland, and France. To have an insufficient wardrobe must have been an entirely new experience for the Prince.

On Giving Presents

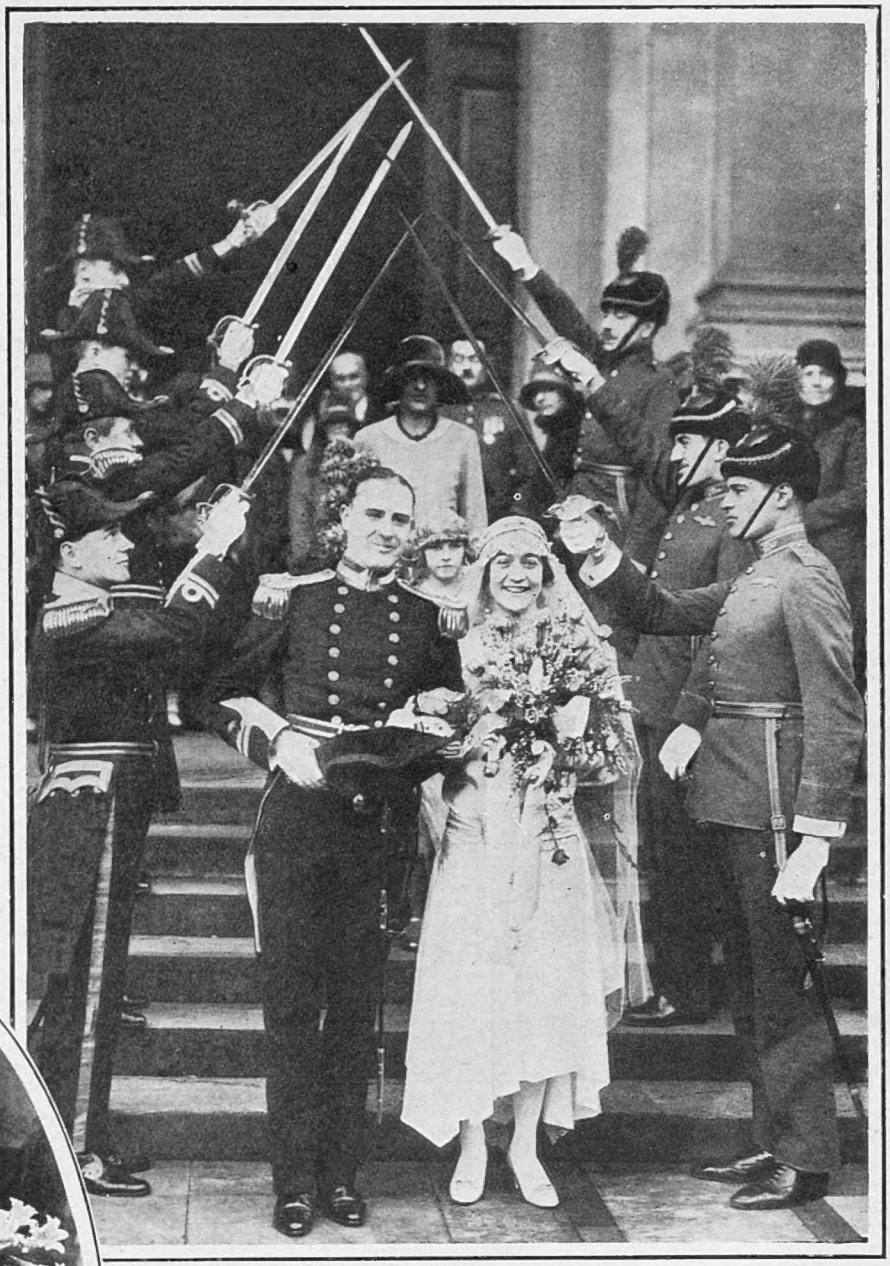
SOME people have the happy gift of knowing exactly what their friends like when they are choosing their Christmas presents. Others haven't a glimmering of a notion, and from these most people suffer badly. But the worst type of all is the person who gives you something out of his or her own house which Noah tried to hide from Mrs. Noah in the dustbin in the Ark. A young married couple of my acquaintance have had positive torture from this failing ever since the first Christmas after their marriage.

An aunt of the young wife descended upon them bearing a large round parcel.

Central News

A SOCIETY WEDDING

Mr. George Maitland Edye photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Doris Couchman, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mrs. Edye is the elder daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Couchman, of Instow, North Devon



A NAVAL AND AIR FORCE OCCASION *Central News*

Lieutenant S. C. Tuke, R.N., son of the late Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Tuke, photographed leaving the Oratory, Brompton, with his bride, Miss Marjorie Moller. The guard of honour at this wedding was formed of officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force

"This is one of my treasures, my dears," she said, "and I should like to feel it is safe in your sweet little home for always. It was painted by my Aunt Caroline especially for me when I was a girl, and I have prized it and loved it ever since."

She took the brown paper off the parcel, disclosing, to the horror of the young couple, a large terra-cotta plaque framed in red plush. Across the front of the plaque were four painted swallows, with blues and yellows on their wings such as never were seen on any bird, not even in the deepest tropics.

"There!" said this well-meaning aunt, "isn't it lovely?" Then, looking round the room, she added, "It will go splendidly there—in between those two pictures."

These two pictures were delicate little French aquarelles, one of the notes of a charming drawing-room distinctly French in tone.

As there were considerable expectations from this aunt the husband, inwardly groaning and cursing, had to mount a step-ladder, knock in a nail, and hang the plaque there and then. The old lady would take no excuses. She departed, simmering with delight over the pleasure she had given the "dear children, so much more interesting for them to have something really family than something out of a shop that anybody could buy!"

Of course, when the old lady had gone the monstrosity of the 1880's was promptly taken down. But every time this wealthy aunt is going to see them it has to be replaced!

CAPTAIN O. LYTTELTON AND LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF CAVAN

AT THE EARL OF BRADFORD'S SHROPSHIRE SHOOT

Almack's

I SUPPOSE with the continual establishment of new clubs the old ones have to go. There's certainly not room for them all. But it is sad to learn that Almack's, the most exclusive Bridge club in London, is to be closed after an existence of a hundred and sixty-three years.

It was founded as a gambling club by a Scotsman named McCall, its name being an anagram upon his own. It was most exclusive, only men and women of "rank and station" being eligible for membership; and, oddly enough, the men nominated and voted for the women, and the women nominated and voted for the men. The rules were strict, one being that no player should start a game unless he had fifty guineas on the table in front of him. Another rule was, "No gaming in the eating-room except tossing up for reckonings on penalty of paying the whole bill of the members present."

What should we say now, I wonder, at the spectacle of a Duke of Portland and an Earl of Strathmore—the then holders of those titles were original members—tossing at their club as to which should pay for their lunches or dinners?

THE EARL OF BRADFORD

Where the Sun Shines

THEY have now had exactly one month of fine, dry weather on the Riviera, and the total amount of sunshine officially registered in Cannes during November was no less than 182 hours, which is believed to be a record. Every day visitors have been saying that the fine weather was too good to last—but it has lasted, and no one could grumble about it. The only shadow on the scene is the long-drawn-out anxiety about the King's illness, and crowds await daily the latest bulletins from Buckingham Palace which are displayed at every newspaper office and casino along the coast. Everyone with a wireless outfit keeps it permanently tuned in on Daventry, and it is interesting to hear that the French residents share our anxiety. A touching manifestation of sympathy came the other day from the

Photographs *Sport and General*

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH AND LADY MARY KENYON-SLANEY

Sport and General

SIR ERNEST AND LADY CLARK, MR. ARCHER AND THE HON. MRS. ARCHER, MR. HENDERSON, AND MR. SMITH PHOTOGRAPHED ON MELBOURNE CUP DAY AT FLEMINGTON RACE COURSE, MELBOURNE

colony of Russian workmen at La Bocca, near Cannes, most of them formerly holding high rank in the Imperial Forces and now engaged in street-cleaning and collecting household refuse. They held a special service in their own little Russian church for the King, whom they hold in special reverence as the cousin of their late Czar, and the sincerity and beauty of the singing made it something long to be remembered.

Christmas at Nice

ALL the luxury shops in Nice are now open, and the brilliant displays they are making for Christmas, combined with the tens of thousands of electric lights which outline the Municipal Casino and the Casino de la Jetée, make the centre of the town one of the brightest places imaginable, worthy at least of the White City in the height of its success. During the past few weeks countless visitors have driven out to the Zoological Gardens at Cros-de-Cagnes, which have been greatly improved and extended since last season, and now house a fine collection of rare wild animals and birds. At the Golf Club a little farther on members are turning up in increasing numbers daily. Sir Theodore and Lady Angier are back in their villa near the links, while Captain and Mrs. Coglan have taken the Villa Greenwood almost adjoining, and Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim hope to be back from New York in time to celebrate Christmas in their Riviera home. Lord Napier is a new arrival in Nice, and that famous philanthropist, Mr. Bernhard Baron, is expected to reach there shortly.

Alfieri

THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE AND MISS MAINBY COLGRAVE AT SANDOWN PARK

Some Distinguished Visitors

MENTON is steadily filling up this month, and among those who are already there or are on their way south are Lord and Lady Devonport—who will stay at the villa of Lord Forres—Lord and Lady Knaresborough and a family party, Lord and Lady Talbot de Malahide, Lady Millais, General Sir Archibald and Lady Paris, Lady Watts, Mrs. Ponsonby Dalrymple, and at least three noted artists, Mr. Romilly Fedden, Mr. Knighton Hammond, and Mr. Stetson Crawford—the latter a brilliant etcher and a pupil and friend of Whistler.

RACING AT SANDOWN AND MELBOURNE

Alfieri

MISS J. TYRWHITT-DRAKE AND MRS. BOYD WILSON AT THE SANDOWN PARK MEETING

Alfieri

MR. HARRY BROWN AND THE HON MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON SEEN AT THE SANDOWN PARK 'CHASES

KIM

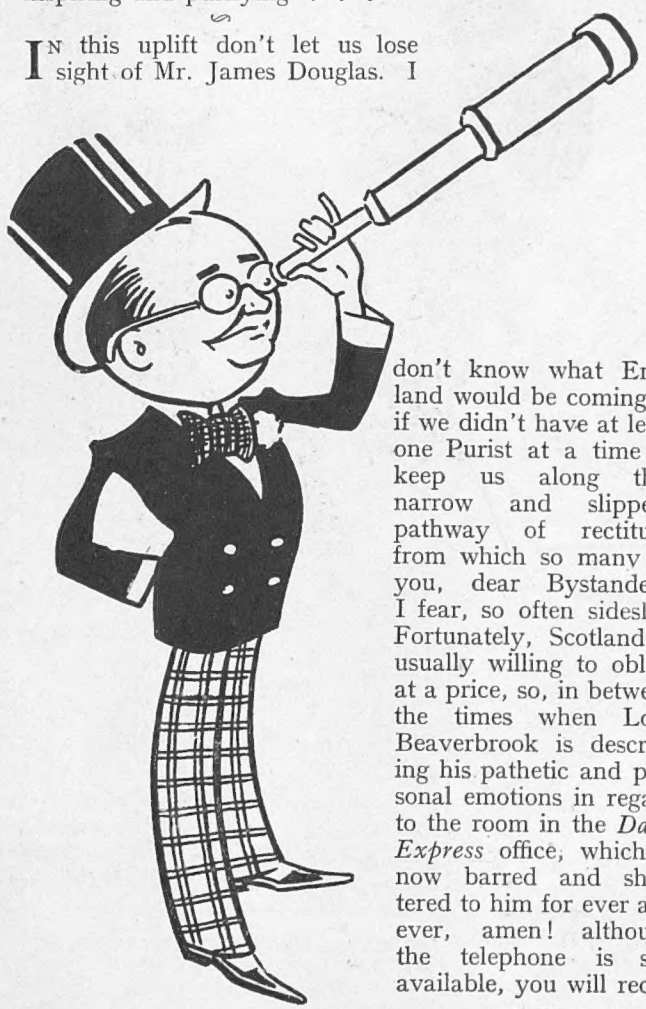
MOMENTS WITH THE

By KIM ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN KAY

HULLO, BYSTANDERS! Good morning or evening, as the case may be. It is Kim speaking. Yes, Kim! K for Kindly, I for Inspector, M for, well, Mundi, Magnates, Mugs, and Molluscs. We will now, with your permission, have a few moments' conversation with the Great.

FOR instance, let's take the Byng Brothers in their masterly Police and Public Purification Act. Jix told me—well, that's not quite true, but he told a friend of mine, and that ought to be good enough—how he intended to fix it so that all the night clubs would be closed down. Won't it be nice when he and Lord Byng get it so arranged that at midnight Eros, hovering with his bow over his reconstructed dome in Piccadilly Circus, will be able to aim his shaft at nothing more sentimental or sensual than an Officer in Blue? The laggards, as they leave the places where they once dined not wisely but too well, will be seen no more dragging their weary and perhaps unsteady limbs across the one-way traffic, or be heard huskily hailing a hansom—I mean taxi, really, but alliteration is a little vice I can't shake off . . . No more will the little ladies who don't belong to the best set in the school of propriety be able to ascertain whether Gentlemen Prefer Blondes or Brunettes. It is all very inspiring and purifying . . .

IN this uplift don't let us lose sight of Mr. James Douglas. I don't know what England would be coming to if we didn't have at least one Purist at a time to keep us along that narrow and slippery pathway of rectitude from which so many of you, dear Bystanders, I fear, so often sideslip. Fortunately, Scotland is usually willing to oblige at a price, so, in between the times when Lord Beaverbrook is describing his pathetic and personal emotions in regard to the room in the *Daily Express* office, which is now barred and shuttered to him for ever and ever, amen! although the telephone is still available, you will recollect; or when Lord Beaverbrook in another Great Moment discovers the virtues of the Hire-Purchase system coupled with the immortal name of Mr. Drage; in between these priceless spasms Mr. Douglas gets going. He was the hero who started the hounds which brought down the hare in regard to Miss Radclyffe Hall's alleged naughty work, "The Well of Loneliness." Mr. Douglas now proclaims from his pulpit "A New Battle of the Books." He is distressed, he says, by the "paganisation of English literature," and protests vehemently against "various poisonous passions being poured out to all and sundry." With becoming solemnity he throws down the gage of battle. We shall have to come, he says, to a censor of books. If the naughty books continue "a censorship is inevitable."



AND thus and thus do we continue to defy flaunting vice. The Old Devil in us is to be exorcised by means of the Byng Boys, and if the public want to read books that Mr. Douglas thinks are likely to contaminate their morals books must be censored . . . I would respectfully ask Mr. Douglas if morals are a standardised article which he, as an expert, let us say, can determine? What are morals, when you come to it? I mean to say that the moral level of Paris, for example, is probably such that it would be shocked with Vienna, and Vienna would be horrified with Moscow, and even Moscow might be daunted by Chicago after Chicago's business hours. I should have thought that *chacun à son goût* were a proverb with some intelligence attached to it, and that if people want to read paganised books, or whatever they are called, that is their affair and not Mr. Douglas's. It seems to me we must soon inhibit the Bible, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Boccaccio, Sterne, Anatole France, Aristotle, and many other classic authorities . . . After all, no one *need* read anything they don't want to unless they are at school or reading for an examination, need they? Moreover, Mr. Douglas, Jix, Lord Byng, and the rest of you, how can you suppress Vice by by-laws, censors, and the rest of it? You only drive it underground to break out somewhere else. The oldest profession in the world continues despite every effort to pretend it doesn't. It's very distressing, of course. Also, I say to you, Mr. Douglas, Jix, Lord Byng, and the rest of you, that people, stupidly enough, will not have their ideas of enjoyment or their minds regulated by Acts of Parliament, or magistrates' fines, or any other act of interference. It's a waste of time trying to send us to heaven your way, dear Mr. Douglas; and I might add, for your honourable consideration, that I very, very, very much fear you are one of those enthusiasts who thinks the world can be reformed along Sunday School lines, if you can hide away the bad boys and bad girlies . . . What puzzles me is why you want to poke your nose into other people's affairs?

ANOTHER Great Moment, Bystanders, is with our Lord Rothermere, who has just returned from a potentate's sojourn in Egypt. Unhappily, his austere features are not so well known to the public as they should be. Max Beerbohm ought really to include him in his next list—delivering, let me suggest, his maiden speech in the House of Lords before that august assembly is abolished by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Maxton, and the rest of them. Lord Rothermere has written a letter to a "Correspondent," and the noble Viscount says to his

GREAT

" Correspondent " . . . " My dear sir,—I cannot understand your extreme fear of a Labour Government . . . Labour is certain to come into power within two or three years . . ." He then goes on to amplify those joyous diatribes with which the *Daily Mail* has regaled its readers ever since the General Election about the extravagance of the Government expenditure. Whenever I read about this awful extravagance I picture to myself junior Civil Servants lunching magnates at Ciro's and dining sirens at the Eve Restaurant, although in point of fact the average Civil Servant is execrably paid, and the worst paid of all are the ex-Service men. Anyway, I gather that Lord Rothermere, who does not like Mr. Baldwin, is swinging to Labour. It was a Great Moment in a Great Life when Lord Rothermere decided to stand in with Sir Oswald Mosley and Mr. Maxton. I do hope the *Daily Mail's* registered readers will not mind being transferred.

S

How pleased William Randolph Hearst will be. I mean, of course, our Yanko-Irish (or is it Irisho-Yank) candid friend of the fixed smile, who owns 600 American newspapers, *Nash's Magazine,* and St. Donat's Castle in South Wales. He is burning to see the Labour Party in power, as he believes it will smash Britain as a world-power. Mr. Hearst has just had a Great Moment. He has one fairly often, and it usually becomes a loud speaker screech. The Right Hon. (to quote *Britannia*) the Earl of Birkenhead has annoyed him, because he said at a public dinner that " America entered the War not from any desire to help the Allies, but solely because American nationals were being murdered by German submarines." Fancy Lord Birkenhead not knowing that America Won the War for Humanity!

S

Our dear friend Mr. Hearst can't stand for Lord Birkenhead when he says that. So in the *Chicago Herald and Examiner* he writes three display columns in a loud nasal screech with capitals in this vein:—" When we proceed with our necessary naval construction to make our navy first in the world we do not in the least care what England's opinion is regarding our plans, our policies, and our performances."

S

That's the way to hand it out to John Bull, Mr. Hearst! But, say, the good old Eagle flops along mighty like a bloodthirsty vulture. An ass like myself would assume that this enormous Yankee Navy was not being built with an eye on, say, Poland or Portugal. That shows you how silly I am. Meantime, the amiable Mr. Garvin, in the *Observer,* has his Great Moment:—" So far as the peoples are concerned," he says, " the improvement in English-speaking relations continues." How fine it is to be an interpreter of public opinion like Mr. Garvin. Mr. Hearst, of course, is only having his little joke when he places his fingers to his nose and makes a noise with his mouth. And I, silly ass, should have imagined that what Mr. Hearst wanted a Big Navy for was to put it across England . . . but it is consoling to think that at this time of Peace and Goodwill the Improvement in English-speaking Relations Continues. Because I was just thinking idly that when the day comes that Jix, Lord Byng and Mr. Douglas have successfully rendered Piccadilly a desert after midnight we may find William Randolph Dictator of England, attended by his humble admirers and Press allies, Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook, together with the taciturn Garvin, surveying in solitary grandeur the wreckage of a once great empire, destroyed by Press Barons . . . When that happens I believe Eros will resign his job.

KIM.

" When Jix, Lord Byng and Mr. Douglas have rendered Piccadilly a desert after midnight "

A "MATCH OF THE YEAR"

A RUGGER REVERIE

By PENDARVES

Sport and General

NEAR THE OXFORD LINE

A photograph of some spirited play near the Oxford line during the recent Varsity match at Twickenham. Cambridge won a hard game by 14 points to 10, Oxford putting up a magnificent fight against a better side

TUESDAY, December 11, is the second best day for the propagation of falsehoods. Wednesday, the 6th June, Derby Day, holding the record for the year, and Varsity Match day running it a good second. Amazing how many men who previous to the Varsity match say: "They will not be at the office on Tuesday"; who "Don't think I shall get through with that job in Manchester before Wednesday morning." Who have "got a long job with my dentist after lunch, and it won't be worth while coming back." Curious also how many people suddenly become intimately associated in some not very clearly defined manner with one or other of the Varsities. You are left with the impression that they were at least four years in residence at Clare; or had rooms near Stally on the right-hand side of the Quad at B.N.C. And the words "progged" and "my scout" creep from time to time into their speech. There is also shown a tremendous bias in favour of one side over another which you feel must surely be a matter of family connection and personal knowledge.

HOWEVER, the Varsity crowd at Twickenham is a liberal education always. Except on Grand National Day I see more pretty women adjacent to me on this day than on any of the other somewhat dreary three hundred and sixty-three. And that is very much something to be getting on with. Gosh! there was one leaning against the low wall of the Press Stand . . . but I must try to forget her; and anyway she was with an enormous brute of a man . . . There is no place in England, except Aintree, where loveliness *en masse* converges upon a patch of grass in such disturbing quantities as upon this one afternoon through those Twickenham gates.

WHEN you come to analyse the matter, it is not the scoring of tries by the famous Cambridge threes or the lovely combined rushes of Bannerman's forwards merely that thrill you to the backbone then and give you beatific Rugger reveries thereafter. It is the *ensemble* of the thing, the drama, the typically English social assembly, the never-know-what-may-happen atmosphere, which brings the Matchmakers from the four points of the British compass to compress themselves into one hectic spot for a couple of hours of intense enjoyment and excitement.

AND the fun begins about noon. Do we take sandwiches (and where on earth can we get a Thermos at the last moment?), and picnic in the car? We *must* be there early, y'know; you remember that awful business last year, and how peeved Arthur got. Do we go down by train? Waterloo gets you there all right; it's the coming back that is—well, you know. Are these Stand seats the slightest use—or shall we be about three-quarters of a mile away. There are fifty thousand more cars on the road to-day than there were last year, and we shall be damnably late. Agony depicted on every face at this thought. Shall we park the thing well outside in one of those fields and places so as to get away before 7 p.m.—or shall we go inside and risk it? . . .

BUT all the obstacles and trepidations and aggressive prognostications have been surmounted at last. We have climbed interminable steps and edged a way into our seat. We observe that the fellow in the seat next to ours is overflowing into our minute space most unwarrantably, and we assert ourself silently in the prescribed manner. This may evoke a hasty "I'm sorry," or merely a coldly hostile stare. It matters not. We have arrived. We are infernally cold, it is getting darker every minute, and the clock on the South Terrace has quite obviously stopped functioning. However, here we are. And here is the entire world, too: the world, that is to say, that is *our* world.

"GREAT Scot! there's old Phil Forsyth . . . haven't seen him for years. How are y', old man" (a cheery wave). "M'm: that's his second wife, I suppose: don't think much of . . . And Jimmie Anderson: same house with me at school—about a couple of centuries ago; but still . . . My aunt! surely not old Buster? Well, I'll be ——!" HERE THEY COME! NOW COME ON, OX-*FORD*: LET 'EM HAVE IT . . ."

THE remainder of the afternoon is a blur of blue, now light and now dark, brilliant attacking movements and heroic moments of defence, with men making just that last effort to tackle which means so much; and then, in the second half, that invaluable dropped goal of Adamson's that raises Oxford's hopes . . . But Cambridge have won by 14 points to 10, and reluctantly the enthralled crowd leaves the scarred arena where once again another "grand game" has been added to the history of Rugby football.

The New Judgment of Paris

BY DAVID WILSON

This Session there will be much manœuvring for position with a view to capturing Woman's Vote at the coming election, when the new Franchise comes into force

"THE SONG

Heralds a Winter with a

A winter sports season which began unusually early —there was more than three feet of snow in most places before the end of November — has sent the spirits of the enthusiasts soaring. The last preparations are being made; as in this picture, which shows the rinks being cleared at St. Moritz

Two embryo experts setting out on the trail of a glorious winter at Maloja. Their business-like kit and determined air tell of great days ahead

Photographs

Probably his first winter on skis and the ideal surroundings of Maloja to try his paces in this most fascinating of sports. Lucky baby!

Winter sports kit can be—and often is—weird and wonderful, but these two bright young things at Maloja struck out a line of their own. The fancy dress store played its part nobly in the amusing result

Central Press

"And very nice too" would sum up in a few words this small person's opinion of life in general and St. Moritz in particular

OF THE SKI"

eason that Opened lourish

Skis are wayward things and snow slopes have a knack of rising and hitting you unexpectedly, but your true enthusiast goes down with colours flying. Hence the final touch given to the ensemble by this fair ski-runner at Maloja.

In common with the other centres Engelberg donned its winter coat early and gave enthusiasts a welcome foretaste of the joys to come. It is not often that one can count on good ski-ing so early in the season, but these visitors evidently found conditions very much to their liking

Photographs: Central Press

The delights of winter sports are not necessarily confined to the human element, as anyone who has seen a dog ecstatically romping in the snow will bear out. The dog in the photograph, which was taken at Engelberg, seems to enjoy the canine ski-joring as much as the skier

Sasha

Fred and Adele Astaire and Leslie Henson, the trio whose humorous efforts make "Funny Face" one of the brightest shows in town. Now at the Princes Theatre, it will be transferred to the London Pavilion after Christmas

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"Heard the news?"

"You mean about Sir Austen's peerage?"

"No, I wasn't thinking about Birmingham's Brightest Boy."

"What *is* it, then?"

"Something much more vital. Listen to this."

"I am all ears."

"Plastic surgery will work wonders! Lord Borodale wears his hat at the same jaunty tilt as Lord Beatty."

"How devastating!"

"No need to be sarcastic, Carlton. Why, the *Daily Sketch* gives the news a heading all to itself."

"Wonderful! But *did* you see what Lady Eleanor Smith wrote about Lady Hawtrey?"

"Tell me."

"She said, 'Lady Hawtrey fell at a restaurant where she was dining.'"

"You horrify me!"

"*Honi soit,* Carlton. I'm glad to say that she was writing literally."

"Heard the story of the actor's son and the leading lady?"

"I'm all agog."

"Can't tell you over the 'phone, I'm afraid. I daren't risk it."

"You think a lot of good behaviour."

"Not good behaviour. Deportment."

"That's nearly as subtle as Penelope Spencer's dances."

"Well, we must certainly hand a bouquet to that young lady."

"Hear, hear! Clever satire in dance is too original to ignore."

"You might almost call her the Terpsichorean Noel Coward."

"Which reminds me that 'This Year of Grace' is a real winner in New York."

"That's true enough. Cochran has imported some *real* spirit into the American Drylands."

"Talking of shows, have you been to Benn Levy's new play at the Kingsway?"

"Yes, I've seen the 'stars' by Moonlight. But tell me, is it true that the play was dedicated to Fannie Ward?"

"No. She's hardly old enough to understand it."

"It would be a bit of a frost to do so, then?"

"Not such a frost as the recent cold weather proved to the hunting crowd. The weather has *not* been Meet and right for them."

"Gladys Cooper's been riding to hounds this season, hasn't she?"

"So I hear. But there's no truth in the rumour that she's going to put on 'The Young Pearson in Pink' in the Provinces."

"Talking of the Provinces, don't you think it would be a good idea if Sir Gerald paid them a visit for a change?"

"I'm sure they would be glad to see him."

"Especially if he went out in a play that *was* a play."

"Yes, why not Barrie at his best?

"Horace Hodges seems to be definitely established as the Grand Old Man of the stage, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but wouldn't it be sweet to see a photograph of him taken in Peter North's most willowly, billowly manner?"

"My dear Ritz, no son-in-law would do a thing like that!"

"Lord Gladstone has been letting himself go in his new book, hasn't he?"

"You mean in his attacks on the author of 'The Life of Disraeli'?"

"Yes, he has certainly put the strap to the Buckle!"

"Well, I must away. Got to practise my carols for Christmas."

"I hope you won't prove to be a stumer tenor when you start, Carlton."

"That's enough. Cheerio, Ritz."

"Good-bye, Carlton."

The Weaker Sex

BY HIGGINS

THE ONE ON THE RIGHT: "You ought to have been a man like me!"

Central News

THE VICTORIOUS READING CREW PHOTOGRAPHED BEING CHEERED BY THEIR SUPPORTERS

A VARSITY WOMEN'S BOAT RACE

Photographs *L.N.A.*

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY FOUR

SOME photographs from Dreadnought Reach, Reading, where the Reading University Women's Four and the Oxford University Women's Four recently met in a timed rowing match. The Reading oarswomen were the winners

THE READING UNIVERSITY FOUR

HOW OLD IS THE MODERN GIRL?

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"How old," asked someone across the dinner table the other night, "How old is the modern girl?" Now me and the boy-friend of the week were the only people under thirty present, so we kept quiet. Much in the way the silkworm keeps himself to himself when other people speculate in Celanese. But when the roar of argument was drowning us, we asked ourself what a modern girl was anyway, and he said we'd better make a date and find out. Go round the place a bit and look for one. It would be quite simple; you first find her, and then ask her age.

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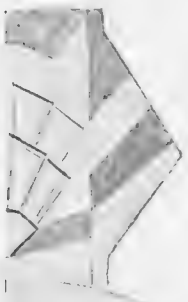
We couldn't fail to spot her, of course, as we'd heard so often what she was like. There was Lady Crumbletrot now, next to our host giving a description that would do credit to the Missing From Home Department of the B.B.C. "Painted lips; plucked—snort—eyebrows; living only for pleasure; empty headed; nothing better to do than drink cocktails and smoke endless cigarettes. Now, when *I* was nineteen . . . ." That started them off again, so *we* went back to Safeguarding.



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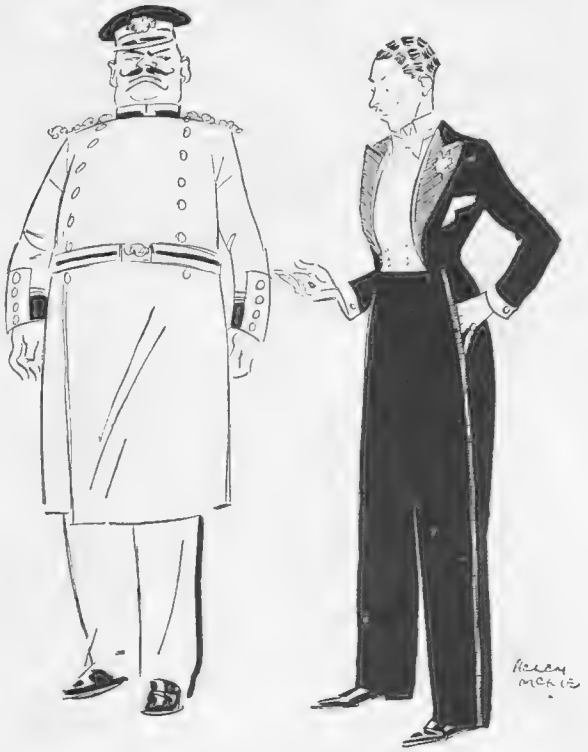
Next day we met for lunch. We thought we'd be thoroughly gourmetrically snobby, so we went to the Hyde Park. Because we knew the Gastronomes had their annual dinner there the week before, and they ought to know. We weren't far wrong; Sir H. Curtis Bennett and Sir Charles Batho between them had managed to leave over a taste of the *L'Elixir aux bêches de mer* and a snack of *Le Soufflé Toheroas*. Both little things of the rarer sort, fished up from the very bottom of the sea. "What seems odd," said the boy-friend, "is the way we don't seem to know anyone among our friends who is one of these modern girls! Those that pluck their eyebrows try to go to a University, those that use a lipstick speak at charity performances, those that drink cocktails read for the Bar. So you couldn't exactly call them useless and parasites and all that, could you?"



"Young men, waved in the hair, straitened in the circumstances"

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"Let's try Art." So we went out and waited for a 'bus to Piccadilly, as we'd heard there was someone very modern from the Slade School showing at the Goupil Galleries; Miss Sine Mackinnon, quite often to be seen in the Park—the Green Park—drawing the trees, and wearing a sombrero. As luck had it, a friend of Political Persuasion jumped on with us. We

"Nothing better to do than drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes . . . Now when I was a girl!"

congratulated her on the latest union of the Liberal Party. "Meaning Ll. G. and Mrs. Runciman?" asked the boy-friend, who likes his politics filleted. So we put him right, and said it was the Hon. Antonia Benson, we meant, engaged to Mr. John Tennant. And he asked if she was the one who wrote "Salad Days," and we said that was her younger sister, Theodora, who is frightfully brilliant. Then we got off.

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LOOKING over the homespun shoulders of the modern artist we tried again to find something really like a modern girl. Somehow we couldn't believe these people who *will* wear square clothes are representative of any ordinary girl, ancient or modern. The only person who can look artistic in "arty" clothes is Edith Sitwell. To see her in a long brocade frock with that ruby cross of hers worn tight up to the neck, is to have an idea of what the great Queen Elizabeth must have been—to Shakespeare, at least, if not to Mr. Lytton Strachey.

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RESOLVING to try simple life we turned into a teashop. As we nibbled our "refained" teacake, the door opened and a very great mutual friend entered. "Ah," we sighed in unison, "she'll know." She has the good fortune to look like Oonagh Guinness, and be able to wear the same sort of difficult blue that only a few blondes can. At a dinner party she sounds like Bridget Parsons. But her favourite actress is Edith Evans.

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BEFORE we could put the great question she started off. "Had such an awful day. I've been the complete modern girl. Old friend of Dad's from abroad wanted to take me out and I couldn't refuse. Got to the "pawing" age, *you* know. Would order every possible drink and never let me stop smoking, while he talked about sex appeals. Horrible! I thought any minute he would propose a companionate marriage. I didn't like to hurt his feelings, though he was much more amusing really when he stuck to his 'foreign parts,' but he would have been so bitterly disappointed if he'd found anyone under twenty-two who didn't live for night clubs and permanently waved young man, waved in the hair, straitened in the circumstances, ugh! He was quite sure my flapper vote would go to one, of course. That was rather a curse, because I'm told he's one of the few men left alive who understand about Proportional Representation, and all my B.A. friends are trying to find out how you have to vote to get darling Gilbert Murray in for Oxford."

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BUT we said we'd got work to do; a mission. Though by this time I thought my very strong suspicions were pretty well confirmed, the creature didn't exist at all! But the boy-friend, with the inevitable tenacity and *naïveté* of his sex, said he thought there must be something in it if everyone was talking about it, and, anyway, there were lots of places we hadn't tried. At which he looked at Moira rather as though he didn't like trying anything *à trois*, and why didn't some people stick to their octogenarians. There was the stage left and the sports. But Moira and I both said that was useless, because the stage always *was* called modern because it moved a bit quicker than the times—faster, you might say. And as for the leather-faces, give me a lifted face any day sooner than that. Health can be *too* rude.

"We'd await and see what we were each wearing for the Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve"

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THEN Moira held forth. "You're wrong. There *is* a modern girl, and she's just about thirty-three or four. It's awfully bad luck, really. In many cases she lost her man in the War, or, if she didn't, she rather made a mess of things in that ghastly time. You can't wonder at them doing anything, it must have been frightful. Of course, she probably enjoyed some parts of it, and can't get used to doing without the excitement. She wants to keep up that 'hecticness,' and won't see that it doesn't fit now when there's not the same excuse for it. She's just desperately *vieux - jeu*, really. She makes a lot of noise and attracts a lot of attention, so the older people think she's typical. You can't expect *them* to keep up with things enough to spot changes in the atmosphere like there are.

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"WHEN you're on 'the desperate verge of thirty-five,' as they say in that marvellous play, *The Critic*, at the Court. My dear, that would be a thing to do in modern dress, if anyone dared; it might have been written yesterday, no! to-morrow. Well, as I was saying, when you get there and aren't either married or 'through with it,' it's just a toss-up whether you take to bridge parties or the Dumb Friends' League. And I believe the present modern girl is just the same old spinster inverted; not looking under the bed for a male burglar, but turning out any dirty linen cupboard in the attic for him. 'I stand for Rose Macaulay and *plus ça change, plus c'est le même encore*, and don't tell me IT was invented by Elinor Glyn at Hollywood. Eve knew a thing or two before the films.'"

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SO that was that, and we paid our "naice" bill and didn't put tuppence under the plate, and went out to buy Christmas cards and a few sprats to catch whales from our rich relations. We hoped each other's Christmas would be merry, and we'd await and see what we were each wearing for the Chelsea Arts on New Year's Eve. As he waited to square the circle at Piccadilly the boy-friend called back, "If you find the modern girl, send her along. Some judge is bound to be asking what she is before long—and all the politicians would give their seats to know!"

ROSEMARY.

"MADELEINE, SWEET MADELEINE"

Madeleine Carroll, one of the most promising of our English film stars. She will be seen in "The Crooked Billet," which they have been busy producing at Elstree

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

"LUCKY GIRL"

AT THE SHAFTESBURY

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a quite delightful "Farce with Music," adapted from the successful play *Mr. Abdullah*. At least, I presume it was a success, though latterly theatre-managers have vied with farmers in protesting that, however good the season may have been, they have nothing but loss to show for it. And the air of general prosperity that both farmers and theatrical managers contrive to display on a minus quantity would have been a revelation to the very precise Mr. Wilkins Micawber with his sixpenny margin. We begin with King Stephan of Karaslavia, the area of whose realm is so limited that it is a red-letter day for both King and people when they get an offer from a wealthy syndicate to lease it as a "dirt-racing track." For the moment, however, the King and his Chancellor have come to London in the hope of being able to sell some of the Crown Jewels in order to swell the resources of the National Treasury. And strange as it may seem in these days, the jewels have not been stolen, but are actually the disposable property of the vendors

AS in the case of the parent play, the King and his Chancellor arrive *incognito* at an English nobleman's country house, where both host and guests promptly suspect each other of being in the high-class burglary industry. It is at this point that the musical side of the farce begins to be most successfully developed. The limited opening chorus in the first scene is rendered by the King's Bodyguard, four sturdy warriors of characteristically Balkan appearance, who wear cartridges for button-holes, and are suitably ferocious in their general aspect. Their little effort is described as the National Anthem of Karaslavia, a dirge-like melody which is made more palatable by the Russian dance which follows it. But with the opening of the second scene we have the traditional chorus of a double row of romping Girls with jolly legs, and then, of course, we all know exactly where we are.

THE Chancellor is Mr. Hudson Greener (Mr. Gene Gerrard), who has been chosen for the high office apparently because he hails from the United States, and therefore must know all that there is to know about collecting other people's money. Mr. Gerrard is, however, not so much the Chancellor in the production as —himself. He is a born humorist, and his little quips and asides are so successful that the plot disappears entirely, on occasion, while Mr. Gerrard personally conducts an outbreak of the little nonsense that, we have on the authority of the poet, is relished now and then by the wisest men.

THE leading lady is Miss Anita Elson, who sings tuneful duets with Mr. Gerrard and joins him in the dances that by the laws of musical comedy round off the chorus of a song, sentimental or otherwise. But it is when she is on the stage by herself, supported by the Young Ladies of the chorus, that Miss Elson lets herself go most freely. At the beginning of the Second Act this versatile little lady sings of the "Lucky Girl" who gives her name to the piece, and the dance that follows is a perfect whirlwind of arms and legs in frenzied motion. People talk about harnessing the restless waves, but I should imagine that if Miss Elson's restless energy in this dance were harnessed and concentrated it would suffice to propel a modern airship from here to Mars or thereabouts.

THE dances are, indeed, a prominent feature of the production as a whole. Apart from the graceful activities of Miss Elson in this respect, there are the usual special dances, some of which are marked by a distinct originality. In one of these exhibitions, Mr. Errol Addison skips on the stage with the young lady called Mitringa, and after a few eccentric steps, suddenly begins to spin her round and round at high speed like a teetotum. No wonder they call this a "turn." I do not know how Mitringa feels about it, but it made the audience giddy from merely watching her amazing feat. A little later Mr. Charles Brooks takes the floor very literally. In the course of a complicated dance he lowers himself gradually till he is lying flat on his back without the least suspicion of a bump at the finish; and then he regains his feet by giving himself a push off with the back of his head, and exerting some very special muscles which have seemingly been denied to common people like ourselves. I do not remember to have seen this remarkable feat performed so neatly before.

THE love scenes are particularly bright, without the least tendency to become mawkish, as is sometimes the case when the throaty tenor is striving to secure the blind adoration of the romantic young ladies in the pit. Mr. Clifford Mollison, who is King Stephan, has a nicely trained voice, but he has also a clear sense of humour. The satisfactory result is that his love-making with Moira (Miss Greta Fayne) is, while being dainty in the extreme, nicely attuned to the farcical nature of the entertainment. In these drab, unromantic days super-sentiment is mostly favoured by suburban servant-girls, who like to dream of their chances of being wooed by a Duke or a Marquess for themselves alone.

Stage Photo Co.

King Stephan (Clifford Mollison) takes Lady Moira (Greta Fayne) for a "cruise" in the hall. The lady promptly treats her royal pilot to a little song in return

ANITA ELSON AND GENE GERRARD

MR. MOLLISON and Miss Fayne have a duet which promises to be popular in choirs and places where they sing. It is devoted to the pertinent query, "Where have you been all my life?" There are, no doubt, still some optimistic girls who believe in the sincerity of a playful query of this kind, but probably not among the Two Million Surplus, who would probably reply that they had been there all the time, with never a boy to pick up gallantly the 'kerchief so ostentatiously dropped in the ordinary course of business. The duet is a very pretty piece of make-believe, neatly worded and daintily tuneful; and many a light-hearted young man, this season, may take it up in jest and find that he has got himself landed in earnest.

MR. GERRARD is paired off with Miss Elson, but their love-making scenes have naturally a still more farcical note. One of their duets has for its refrain, "I'm glad I fell for you." (This is, of course, pure American, and naturally does not refer to such a "fall" as all that.) A genial novelty of the entertainment is the "Nip Step" of a squad of police who have been summoned to watch suspected persons, but who prefer to perform a combined dance instead. This is lightly executed in quick time, and certainly does not lend colour to the popular belief that a policeman's boot is a very solid and weighty affair. The latter part of the play follows the original farce with happy thoroughness, and provides Mr. Spencer Trevor with an opportunity of distinguishing himself as the choleric Duke of Pevensey, which he plays with the proper humorous note. JINGLE.

ON GOING ABROAD

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

As Winter touches us with his icy fingers the urge to travel, dormant in every Englishman, is aroused. Victoria Station and Cook's Agency become the centres of Romance. Amid London fogs or bitter gales we are entranced by the seductive brilliance of foreign posters, where every town outside the British Isles appears to be eternally bathed in orange sunlight—a sunlight which, apparently, can only cast purple or crimson shadows; neutral tints do not exist. We who are surfeited and wearied by a succession of grey seas, grey skies, cold winds, with only an occasional gleam of pale sunlight, fall easy victims to this lure of riotous colour. Some misguidedly patriotic newspapers urge us to spend our winter holiday on the English Riviera, not realising that our love of England is at its height when we first catch sight of Dover cliffs on *returning* from a well-spent holiday abroad. Seldom are people known to have attempted the English Riviera twice, for the most vitally necessary ingredients of a successful holiday are change and contrast—change of habits as well as scene. Incidentally, Martin Armstrong's terrifying picture in *St. Christopher's Day*, of Habit as an enormous octopus slowly strangling us in a relentless grasp is alarmingly true; to avoid the octopus we must recognise its dangerously evil power. Consequently, being a naturally solemn-minded people, we should seek laughter; being a cautious people we should gamble; being an industrious people we should make a cult of laziness and, living in a comparatively sunless climate, we should seek out the sun.

Apart from the principal reason that urges us to go abroad—change of climate—there are contributory ones. Some people travel because it has become a social obligation to be seen in certain places at certain times of the year. Some go abroad in search of health; others to seek distraction. Personally, being an incurable optimist, I set out at intervals in the high hope of discovering a new and more entertaining personality—in myself! I know there is an age-old theory that to escape from oneself is impossible, but I have never yet discovered what exactly is meant by that sententious remark. I should dislike immensely to escape entirely from myself; it sounds like some effort at dematerialisation. Besides, when feeling cheerful it is such fun to recognise the absurdities of one's character; when depressed, to enjoy the melancholy luxury of taking oneself *au grand sérieux*. We should, however, all shake ourselves at intervals and go forth in search of adventure, not necessarily of the body, but of the spirit; in fact, our mental outlook on life needs a yearly spring-cleaning. Sunshine is as essential to the intelligence as it is to the body; only a superman can face an autumn and winter in England without it having disastrous effects on brain and character.

By A. R Cane

Actor: "Is there any chance of a job?"
Producer: "Yes, we can give you a job right away. We'll cast you for the part of the burglar chased by a couple of bull-dogs"

There are, however, different ways and means of going abroad. Travelling nowadays is comfortable and can be luxurious, but from personal and bitter experience I should like to utter one warning. Never, if it can be avoided, travel with animals or edibles. My first experience was uncomfortable, my second embarrassing. In the first place, I was *en route* for Cannes, and in an access of kindliness had promised one friend to bring out her parrot, while another yearned for English mutton chops. I am afraid of parrots and indifferent to chops, but imagined that if the parrot was in a cage and the chops in a parcel there could be no great difficulty. I had forgotten two things: that some parrots never stop talking save when one wishes them to show off, and that parrots should be kept warm and chops cold. Altogether it was a difficult and exhausting journey, although I added to the reputed gaiety of the French nation. My other misfortune was connected with two Stilton cheeses, and was worse, for it caused my extreme unpopularity with fellow-travellers. After the parrot episode I thought that to convey two cheeses abroad would be easy, but I had not realised how really unpleasant two somewhat over-ripe Stiltons can be, even in baskets. My proximity was studiously avoided by other travellers; in my carriage the atmosphere was chill with reproachful hostility and the air rent by infuriated sniffs. To add to my discomfort, I found that the effect of Stilton cheeses on *douaniers* was extraordinary. At Calais, Paris, Monte Carlo, those cheeses were to *douaniers* what aniseed is to dogs—an irresistible lure.

Once abroad, let us make a definite attempt to leave our nationality behind; to indulge adventurously in everything un-English, and not to think in our hearts (we are erroneously certain that our manners are too good to betray this conviction) that the French, Germans and Italians were created for the express amusement of Englishmen. If we try hard enough to understand the point of view of other nations travelling becomes so much more amusing and interesting, and we may even achieve the capacity to laugh at ourselves—an excellent tonic, stimulating to the intelligence. Incidentally, foreign peoples, when they have recovered from the shock, may believe that we are really as civilised and intelligent a nation as we know ourselves to be.

The High(one)way Man

BY FRANK R. GREY

PROSAIC GENTLEMAN (*as Dick Turpin's ghost approaches*): "Are you not aware, sir, that this is a one way thoroughfare?"

Dorothy Wilding

Phyl Arnold, an attractive argument in favour of revue. She is appearing in the second edition of "Clowns in Clover" at the Adelphi

if ... gossip

EVERYBODY seems to be talking about Lytton Strachey's new book, "Elizabeth and Essex," which certainly shows the "Virgin Queen" in a far from virginal light. It is as interesting and as well written as the same author's "Life of Queen Victoria," and we are wondering where the author wrote it. Rumour relates that when writing Queen Victoria's life he occupied a flat opposite the Albert Memorial so that he might keep attuned to the Victorian atmosphere!

A PLAY entitled *Out of the Sea* was lately produced at the Strand Theatre, and we are wondering why! We really think that the management might have taken a tip from the practice of fishermen who, when they take some feeble, immature fish "out of the sea," promptly throw it back again!

THE friendliness of journalists to each other is proverbial. A pleasing instance in point has attracted our notice. A gentleman who writes social notes for a daily with an insurance circulation has on no less than three occasions lately gone out of his way to boost a brother-scribe. That this brother-scribe is an editor who employs the social notes writer to contribute to that editor's weekly journal only proves in what high esteem each holds the other. To suggest log-rolling would, of course, be absurd!

A THEATRICAL manager who is appearing more and more in the public eye is B. A. Meyer, known to his friends as Bertie—which happens to be his baptismal name. His first efforts in producing news plays were not very successful, for neither Pinero's *Enchanted Cottage* nor *If Winter Comes* achieved long runs.

HE had better luck with Harold Terry's *Return of Sherlock Holmes*, successfully sponsored Dennis Neilson Terry and Mary Glynne for a time, and just lately scored a big success with *Alibi*, which he has supplemented with a dash into musical comedy, *Lucky Girl*, at the Shaftesbury—a really funny show which is breaking records there. Bertie Meyer married a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who in times past was seen behind the footlights.

SELDOM have we heard a more enthusiastic reception given than that which was accorded Violet Loraine on her return to the stage as Clara Gibbings at the Vaudeville, and, unlike certain other enthusiastic receptions, she thoroughly deserved it. Not only is she an artist to her finger-tips, but she is deservedly popular. If you had seen her, as we did one Sunday morning, at a rehearsal previous

By JACK GREENALL

"Frank told me last night that I reminded him of a magazine cover"
"I suppose that's because he sees you only once a month"

we must . .

to her appearing in the second edition of *London, Paris and New York*, you would realise why. She did not throw her weight about, she never lost her temper—on the contrary, she was one of the most cheerful, unruffled people in the whole theatre—and she frequently apologised to the chorus for having to ask them to repeat their business so that she could get *hers* right! *O si sic omnes!* But, alas, many stars are very, *very* different!

Ninepenny Luxury

IT is good news that London is to have some luxurious taxis at last. Parisians and New Yorkers always complain when they climb—theirs are built much lower—into our shabby hirelings.

In a hurry, I always seem to find myself in one that has mislaid the springs of its seats and a good part of its cylinder power. But at least we do not have to depend on the domestic arrangements of our taxicab drivers as they do in Paris.

Stop a cab there mid-day, and if you don't happen to be going the way his lunch lies he'll leave you expostulating on the pavement.

By Kay

"Will you marry me?
"Good heavens! What for?"
"Oh, er, the usual"

Entertaining the Wife

I took her to lunch at
Sovrani's,
And did her remarkably
well,
For I ordered the dishes
Which suited *her* wishes
And let my own tastes go to
h——l.

Two stalls for a matinée
followed
The play it was chosen by
her),
But to please and to charm
her
I sat through that drama
With never the slightest
demur.

We dined later on at the
Carlton,
Where I kept up a regular
flow
Of inconsequent chatter,
Helped out with the
spatter
Of second-hand quips and
bon-mots.

When liqueurs and black
coffee had vanished,
To dance seemed the right
thing to do,
So we bowled round to
Ciro's,
That home fit for Cheeros,
In Orange Street, West
Central Two.

Then, although I've not
quite the figure
That's seen at its best on the
floor,
I went Varsity Dragging
With knees gently sagging,
And never once thought it a
bore!

You may perhaps wonder
just why I
Spent so much hard cash on
the wife.
Well, the lady entrancing
With whom I was dancing
Was another's, *not* mine!
Such is life!

Mabel Robey

A winning treble from the chorus of "Virginia." This musical comedy is going as strong as ever at the Palace Theatre

TAKING a little after-dinner tea at the Oxford and Cambridge Club this week, that newly cleaned façade adjacent to the distinguished resort of Royal Automobilists, we noticed it was brought by a lady in uniform and not a gentleman in buttons. In few clubs now do you see this revolutionary reminder of War days. We always had the fondest memories for the pretty wine stewardess at another club, who could always recommend a good vintage tonic water or a new crop in orangeade. Alas! she went the way of all girls, though we believe her husband has joined another club now.

A PLEASANT little story of theatrical jealousy has just reached

By Lance Mattinson

Landlady: "Very clever, I'm sure But I wouldn't like to 'ave to write the jokes underneath them!"

our ears. It appears that a certain actor-manager who spends twelve months a year in the provinces, wears fur collars to his overcoat, and prospers exceedingly in the purlieus of Accrington, Barnsley, and other beauty spots, recently roused the green-eyed monster in the breast of one of the ladies of his company. The dame in question had reigned so long as his leading lady, both on *and* off the stage, that when a new, younger and prettier rival appeared in the field and promptly ousted her in the *rôle* of favourite she saw red. However, instead of raising all the different brands of Cain known to people suffering from "temperament"—with the accent on the first two syllables—she lay low and said nothing. Unknown to the others members of the company, she paid a brief visit to the Property Master on the Saturday night and departed in a more cheerful frame of mind.

Helen Ford, the American star, apparently strongly under the influence of the Economy at All Costs craze. She makes her first appearance over here in the name-part of "Patsy," due at the Apollo to-morrow, Thursday

The sequel was seen the next morning when the company assembled on the station platform to board one of those "fish and actor" trains whose slow ramblings through the provinces have done so much to improve the poker played by the "Profesh." Mr. Actor-Manager was seen stalking majestically down the platform, his new favourite, resplendent in fur cloak, clinging to his arm. Both were blissfully unconscious of anything untoward in their appearance until the shout of laughter that burst from the company brought enlightenment. Neatly fastened to the back of the fair and frail lady's cloak was a printed label. It bore these words: "This Baggage is the Sole Property of Mr. Mervyn Montressor, The Bard Shakespearean Co."

It always seems astonishing to us, little innocents that we are, that one of the most popular, and the most famous, opera singers in America is English. Few Americans know that Mary Garden was not born under Chicago's personal supervision, and most English just say, "Mary who?" and wrinkle a shingled eyebrow. We should like to write a book about Mary. One day we probably shall, but know, for the moment, that her hair is the colour of the dawning sun and her figure like a soft shadow at dusk. Not so long back we were swimming with her in the little piece of the Mediterranean that she keeps in front of her villa at Beaulieu. And to our eyes came the sight of the Red Ensign flying from her landing stage.

"Are you expecting to welcome the English fleet in this afternoon?" we called between waves.

"No-o, I'm welcoming myself."

"Then why not a little Star and Stripe?"

"Because I'm British. I'm a piece of real Aberdeen:" And we swallowed sea in surprise.

On land every newspaper in Paris was ringing up to say that an American paper had announced her secret marriage to a French writer; that they were spending their honeymoon on a French actress's yacht, and please was it true?

"Tell them," said Mary Garden, "that I am not married, that I never have been married, that I never want to marry." At which our heart stood still and we stopped our tears, for, of course, we had loved her for years.

BY H. H. HARRIS

A "TRUNK" CALL

THE MAN WHO PLAYED

BY NICOLAS BENTLEY

D THE WRONG NOTE

This year, give *her*
a Perfume by Houbigant
You could not make a wiser choice. The great parfumeur has never enjoyed a more brilliant vogue among the 'élite.' A Perfume, a Beauty Preparation bearing the name HOUBIGANT is the gift dreamed of by the élégante, one which she receives always with delight and gratitude.
This year, give her a Preparation by Houbigant.
"au matin" The Perfume : £. 1.3.0 - with Spray: £. 2.12.6.
The Powder. 3/3. Two delightful Caskets : The Casket : 18/-
HOUBIGANT
Maker of Perfumes since 1775 PARIS

"He who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy; I toast you"

FAT FREDDIE RECIPROCATES

By C. HEDLEY BARKER

Illustration by C. WATSON

On the twenty-third of December in a year long dead, a wind came roaring out of the east and whirled a proletarian hat over a peer's wall. The hat belonged to Fat Freddie, and the wall to Lord Westwater. Of such stuff—of winds, and hats, and the humanity of peers—are stories made. But this is mere preamble. Let us begin.

Fat Freddie, one of the great unwashed, a discard from life's pack, had hoofed it for ten weary miles. Every inch of progress had been literally fought for, for the east wind on that memorable day was armed with a two-fisted might such as only experience could credit. It blew great guns, savagely, without let, without mercy, and it blew with a keen bite that would have frozen, according to Fat Freddie, hell itself. Very near to tears was Fat Freddie, for the cold was so bitter as to be agonising. His curse, as his hat went over the wall, was a whimpered one.

He looked at the wall, hopelessly. It was high, smooth, and topped with broken glass. Moreover, he was not built for nimble doings. A gate? No doubt; but he hated gates. In a life devoted to the (unsuccessful) pursuit of wealth walls had become a habit with him. But this was a super-wall. Eight feet high, topped with broken . . . . well, it would have to be the gate.

There was a handle. Over it was the word "Pull." As Freddie raised his hand to comply with this direction a voice spoke through the gate.

"Well, my man?"

Freddie's back bristled. The person who addressed him wore a fur cap with ear-flaps, an enormous and luxurious fur coat, and stout boots of the kind that are bespoke at five pounds a pair. Freddie, who was a socialist in theory and a bandit in practice, hated aristocracy and capitalism. His own coat, buttonless, holed in places, was lashed about the waist with a piece of stout cord. His boots were broken, and his hat, which he could now see reposing on the be-snowed lawn, was a bowler which had seen service under two reigns.

"My 'at," muttered Freddie.

"Your 'at?"

Freddie thrust a dirty forefinger through an interstice of the gate. "There," he indicated. "Blew over yer wall."

The peer opened the gate.

"Come in," he invited. "Follow me."

Straight across the lawn in the wake of his host went Freddie, until they came to a huge oaken door. The next thing Freddie knew was that he was seated in a vast chair before a roaring fire. There were suits of armour, spears, battle-axes, antlers, Rembrandts, and a profusion of holly-berries to remind Freddie of Christmas, which he hated. He hated it because it was a time of feasting and wassail: things of which the true delights were known only to aristocrats and capitalists. He looked at the peer. The peer was smiling a vacuous, glassy-eyed smile, as he held a bottle and a glass. "Tight, be God," muttered Freddie to himself. He was correct. The peer was tight.

"Claret," he announced, "is the liquor for boys;

port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. I toast you."

"Good 'ealth, sir," murmured Freddie.

"You have come far?"

"Ten o' the longest miles I ever put be'ind me."

"Hungry?"

"'Ungry as a ravenin' beast."

His lordship touched a bell.

"Bring victuals, Simpson," he said to the footman. "Food. Pabulum. A joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws. You know," he added, addressing Freddie, "I'm an old fool. I'm moved—hic—by the Christmas spirit. Goo' King Wenceslas last looked down—that sort of thing. Peace on earth. Yes, by jove! Wish you merry Christmas, happy New Year, pocket full o' money and a cellar full o' beer. Cheers! I wish you a happy life, sir, and—ah—no heel-taps."

"All yer wish yerself," responded Freddie, and began to eat. He ate ferociously and prodigiously, as Gargantua must have done, and, in between mouthfuls of food and noble draughts of strong brown ale he informed his host that, for an aristocrat, he was a straight up-an'-downer, one o' the best, s'elp-me-God, and "may I be struck dead if I'm tellin' a lie. I'm out-an'-out Labour, meself, and I'd as soon consort with Capital as sleep with a blinkin' rattlesnake. But, you're different. One o' the best, with brass fittin's. When fust I met you, sir, I was feelin' like a broken-'earted milkman; and now, thanks to yer good drink and victuals, I feel 's fit as a flea. 'Ere—I'll sing yer a song."

"Personally," murmured his lordship, glassy-eyed and drowsy, "I favour Schubert."

"It's called," said Freddie, "'The rich man drives by in 'is kerridge an' pair.'"

"'S that a fact? The dirty dog. Well, perform, old man. Go to it. Rend the welkin. I'll be asleep long before you're finished."

At eight-thirty the following morning Freddie was shaken into wakefulness by Simpson. The peer was asleep in the chair opposite.

"His lordship," said Simpson, "does not wish to be disturbed. He required me to say that he is sorry, but he cannot ask you to stay longer, as he has a house-party coming."

"A lordship, is 'e? Well, 'e's a toff, with knobs on. Tell 'im that from me, will yer? What did yer say was 'is monica?"

"His what?"

"His tally—name."

"Lord Westwater."

"I'll remember that. Well, so long, old son. Might be able to do 'is lordship a good turn, one o' these days. Yer never can tell."

"I was to offer you a meal in the breakfast-room."

"Was yer, be cripes! Lead the way, Leonard."

On a table by the window Freddie found fish, bacon and kidneys, ham, eggs, kedgeree. There was also a large tankard.

"His lordship," explained Simpson, "thought it likely that you would prefer beer."

"I would, and no error," returned Freddie.

A man may walk for miles without passing the bounds of Lord Westwater's property, and Freddie was still on his lordship's land when he turned, at eight o'clock that night, into an empty and crumbling house that he knew of. He disinterred from his pocket a stump of candle, struck a match, and——

"Cripes!" he exclaimed. "You di'n't arf gimme a shock."

A man was sitting on the floor in the corner of the room: a man with a hard, trap-like mouth and steely eyes that looked along the squat barrel of an automatic pistol. His left arm was in a sling. By his side was a spade and an electric torch.

"Thought you might be a cop," he explained, putting away his weapon.

"Done somethink?" enquired Freddie.

"I might have, and I might not. Can you use a spade?"

"Dessay. But I ain't fond of digging."

"Well, I can't. I broke my arm on the way here. Ever hear of the Westwater jewel robbery?"

"Can't say as I did."

"It happened five years ago. I had to run for it. Got as far as this plantation outside the house. I knew they'd get me, so I buried the stuff under a tree."

"And did they get yer?"

"They did. I got a five-year stretch."

"'Ard cheese, mate. And 'ow do yer know which tree you buried it under?"

"I carved my initials on it—J. D. And, at dawn to-morrow, I was going to dig up the stuff. Just my blasted luck to be crippled. The ground's hard—hard as iron—and no man could do the job with one arm."

"I see. So yer want me to do the diggin'?"

"Yes. It'll be fifty-fifty. There's roughly five thousand quid's worth of stuff."

Freddie shook his head.

"Not on yer life," he replied. "Yer see, it's this way. Lord Westwater, 'e's a pal o' mine. Fact. I slept the night at 'is place. We dined together. Bring victuals, Simpson, 'e says. Food. Pablum. I'd 'ave yer know as 'e's one of the best, and anybody as is up against 'im is up against Freddie Fitt. Good-night to yer."

"Stop!"

Freddie swung round to face the menace of the revolver once more.

"Before you leave this place you've got to swear an oath—before God—that you won't squeak. Get me? If you don't——!"

"All right," said Freddie, "I swear. I take me Bible oath. That suit yer? And I think I'll stop 'ere, after all, for the night."

"You'll swear that you won't lift the stuff yourself."

"May God strike me dead if I do. I can't say no more than that."

Far into the night Freddie lay awake, thinking. He must not squeak. Neither must he interfere with the stuff. A Bible oath was binding. But, at all hazards, he was determined to prevent the other man from cashing in on Lord Westwater's property.

Some tramps are nimble-witted fellows. At one a.m. Freddie secured the torch and stole softly out to the plantation.

And, at dawn, someone passing on the road halted at the sound of a wild laugh. They saw a man dodging about in the plantation. He was running madly from tree to tree, and, as he ran, he called down curses on the head of an absent fellow-creature. And well he might. For one oak out of every two said J. D., J. D., J. D.

C. H. B.

A YOUNG LADY OF SPAIN

Stage Photo Co.

Angela Baddeley as Currita, the favourite granddaughter of the centenarian Papa Juan, in "A Hundred Years Old," the Spanish play which is drawing big crowds to the Lyric, Hammersmith. She and Horace Hodges carry off the chief acting honours in this delightful play

"THE GAY THRONG GOES RIDING

THE MEET OF THE OLD

A striking photograph of the Old Berkeley Hunt moving across the horizon after their recent meet at Earls of Berkeley, when it became a Subscription pack. The country lies in Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire and pasture, with a great deal of woodland. The present Joint-Masters are Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt Drake

Photographs

OUT WITH THE BICESTER

A photograph of the recent meet of the Bicester and Warden Hill at Eythorpe Bridge. There was a very Hill. Finding a second fox in the Wilderness, hounds ran to Waddesdon Station, where, turning left from Mason Gorse to Black Grove. Turning back they finally lost their fox at Fleet

ALONG" WITH TWO FAMOUS PACKS

BERKELEY AT SHENDISH

Shendish. This famous Hunt dates from the eighteenth century and up to 1801 was hunted by successive and Middlesex and covers about a hundred square miles—it contains an equal amount of plough and Mr. Nigel Campbell. A feature of the Old Berkeley is the yellow coat worn by the Hunt servants

Central Press

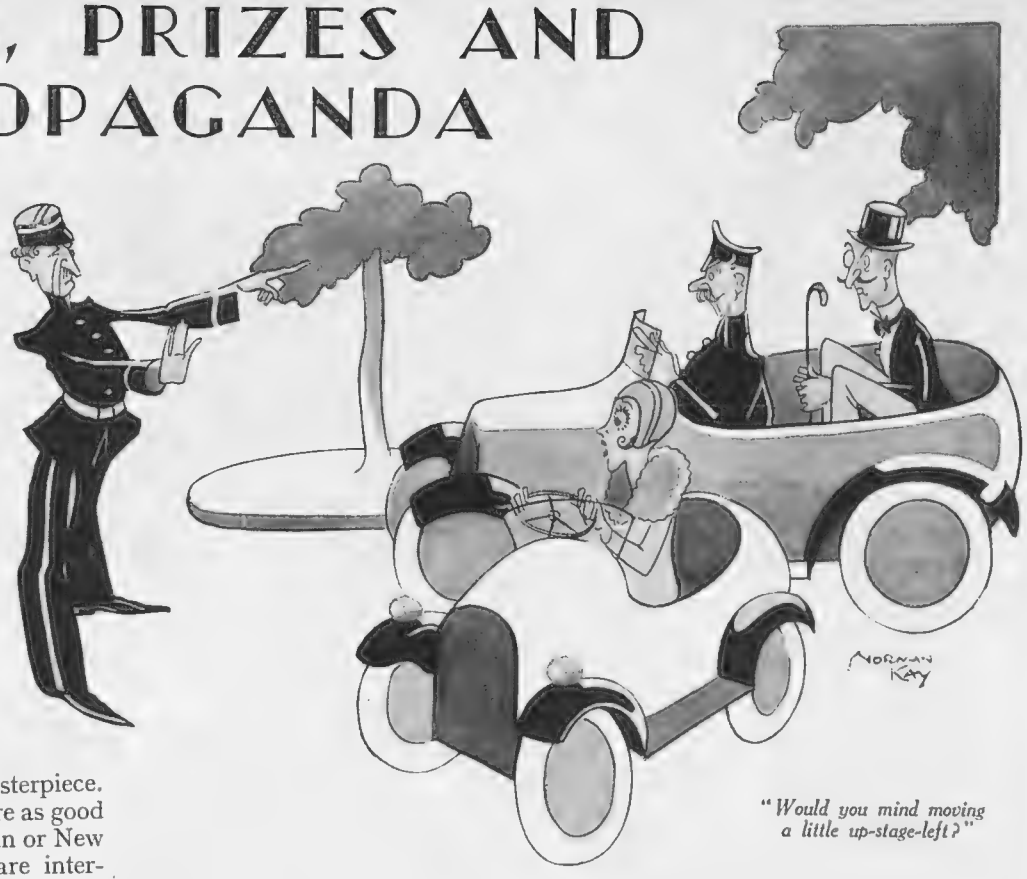
AT EYTHORPE BRIDGE

good hunt of two hours, the first fox, found in Eythorpe Gardens, finally going to ground at Sheepcote Westgate, they hunted past Windmill Farm and Waddesdon Cross Roads to Fleet Marston and through Marston. Mr. H. M. Budgett has been Master of the Bicester and Warden Hill since 1925

PLAYS, PRIZES AND PROPAGANDA

By
JAY MARTIN

Illustrations by
NORMAN KAY



"Would you mind moving a little up-stage-left?"

THE most interesting play in Paris is Ben Jonson's "Volpone." It has been adapted by Stefan Zweig, the Viennese authority on Tolstoi, and embellished for the French theatre by Jules Romains. And as Jonson wrote it in the Italian manner, it turns out to be a universal masterpiece. The settings, by Barsacq, are as good as you could expect of Berlin or New York, and the audiences are international in their appreciation, for the evening I was there I saw the American-born Henriette Lady Davis with an English escort and a lot of orchids, a German royalty, and my coiffeur . . . Georges Auric, sometimes called Georges Earache, one of the most advanced of the young French composers, has written the music, which is played off-stage, or rather in a screened loge, before the rise of each curtain.

JUST as the old English of the text has been rejuvenated up into colloquial French, the music, of old Italian form, is charmingly modern and assonant—or is it dissonant? Anyhow, it's not what you expect it to be, but as my First Assistant Music Attaché has the *grippe* I cannot write anything more about music.

THE acting of Charles Dullin, who is the director, and the entire cast is magnificent. I must mention another thing, though. I was disappointed in the costumes, except those worn by the sailor-captain, the soldiers, and the er—ah courtesan. I had to laugh at the memory of the story of the girl who swam so wonderfully, and, when asked by her boy friend how she happened to be such an expert swimmer, replied, "I used to be a street-walker in Venice."

JUST how scholars would compare this version of "Volpone" to the original, I don't know and don't care . . . Besides, it seems to me that when this Elizabethan play was first produced in England I was only ten or eleven years old, and my mother would not let me see it . . .

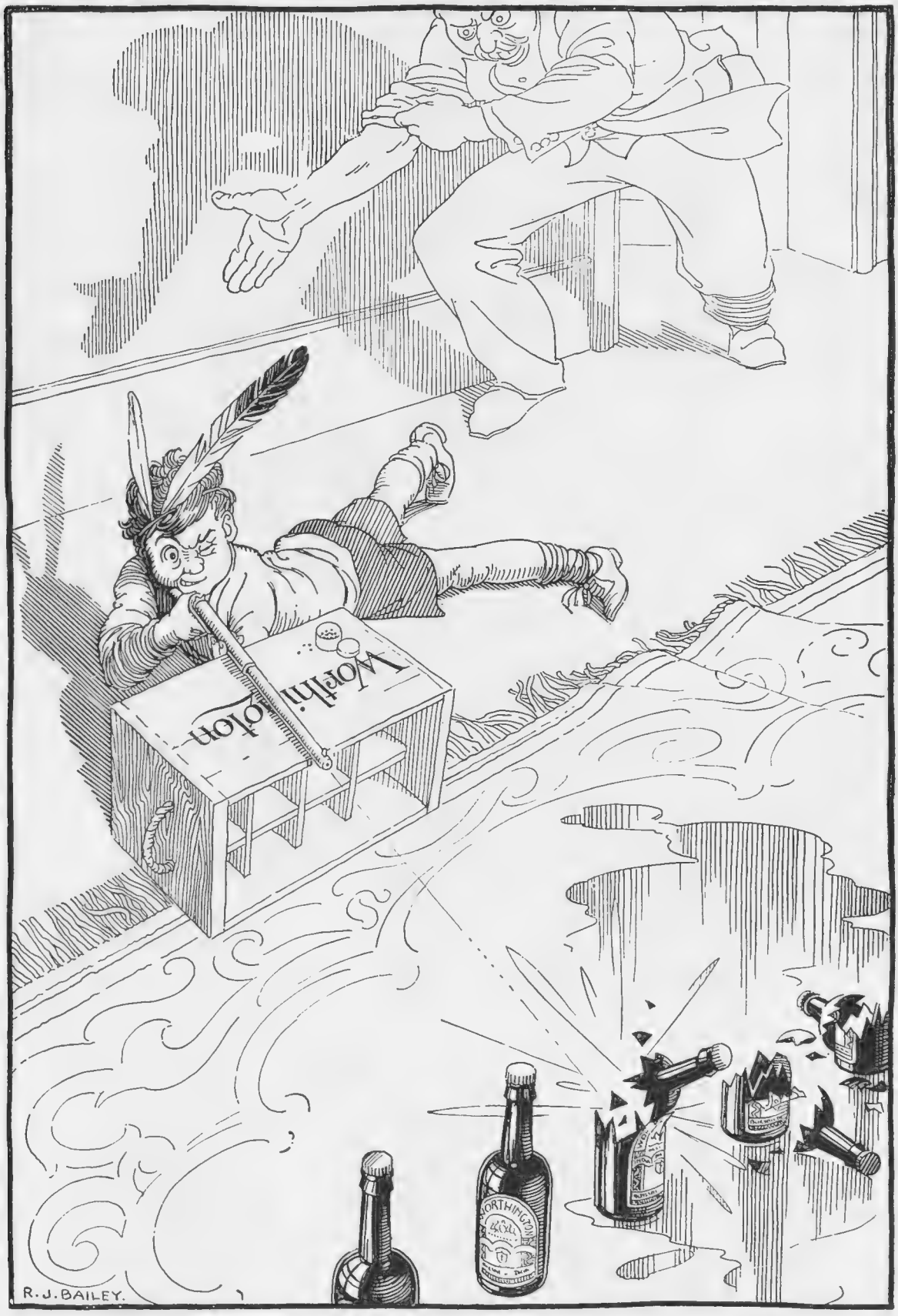
NOBODY seems to concentrate on one *métier* nowadays. Jean Cocteau, poet - playwright - artist - actor, and several other things . . . has a yearning to create stunts for the circus, and in a new play by his *protégé* Jean Desbordes, who is twenty years old and looks like a Siamese cat, Cocteau is to take the part of an off-stage loud-speaker. I guess that is what you call latter-day Symbolism . . . Mallet-Stevens, the architect, after whom a street of modern houses in Auteuil has been named, has been giving ideas for the Palace Theatre productions . . . But the last word is this: in a coyly disguised automobile advertisement in the *Figaro*, Sacha Guitry, whose new play, "Charles Lindberg," has just opened, writes an essay "On Driving Your Own Car." I am sure he doesn't drive *his* own car, but that only gives further evidence of his extensive imagination. His ideas on traffic are ingenuous, particularly about women drivers. I can quite picture him, all dressed up in a traffic officer's uniform, stopping his wife, Yvonne Printemps, and saying most ingratiatingly, "*Would you mind moving a little up-stage-left?*"

"Her dining-room suddenly invaded by large masses of concrete"

MOST of the conversation one hears these days is bookish. I am sorry, but it can't be helped . . . What with the aftermath of the Nobel prize, and the awards of the Prix des Goncourt, the Prix Femina, and the Grand Prix de la Société des Gens des Lettres, all people do is run out and buy dozens of this year's

(Continued on page 638)

Play Titles bottled by Worthington



"YOUNG WOODLEY"

(Continued from page 636)

production of novels. So that, the day after each prize is announced, they can say to their friends, "Why, of course. I read those books *months* ago."

ROLAND DORGÈLÉS, the young novelist, and one of the jury of the S.G.L., was recently awarded the *Légion d'Honneur*. To his astonishment one of his friends showed him the honour list in *L'Officel*, which is a Government paper. This list identified Dorgèlés as an "auteur dramatique."

"Have you been keeping things from us, Roland?" asked one of his friends. "I didn't know that you had written any plays." "I have not," answered Dorgèlés promptly, "written any. I suppose that is why they have given me the decoration!"

HENRI BERAUD, the big (and fat) essayist and critic, is considered quite important in the French world of letters, by Henri Beraud. The other evening he was with a group of friends, and related to them, in all seriousness, the following story:

"A while ago the *commisaire de police* asked me to come to the *poste*. There was a young woman under detention who claimed to be Madame Beraud. Of course, I had never seen her before. The poor thing," said Beraud, in commiseration, "evidently has delusions of grandeur . . ."

Within a few minutes Beraud excused himself, saying he would return. When he did not come back one of his friends said "Where the devil has he gone?" "Oh I suppose," said another, "he has gone off to have himself buried at the Panthéon. He seems to be impatient about it."

FORTUNATELY when, a few weeks ago, a building in the course of construction off the Champs Elysées, crashed, nobody was hurt. Of course it was not very agreeable for the next-door neighbour, the Duchesse d'Elchingen, just as she was sitting down to a quiet dinner with her son, to have her dining-room suddenly invaded by large masses of concrete, which came in through the windows. The population was quite wrought up by the crash, the third in Paris in as many weeks. Some blamed the contractor's employ of Italian labour, which is cheaper than French; some suggested a Communist warning. However, one of my witty friends (it is so nice having witty friends: it saves me so much work) said that he had discovered the cause: "The building collapsed," he said, "when it learned that Louis Verneuil had leased part of it for a theatre in which he was to go on acting in his own plays."

Raphael

Goodee Montgomery, the nineteen-year-old star of "Good News," the musical show at the Carlton, shows a leg at the photographer's request, and a nice leg, too

THE eternal question of the identity of Louis Naundorff has again burst forth. And the mystery about him reminds me of an incident which occurred last season. A very pretty girl, a member of the Chilean colony in Paris, was at a party, and happened to be dancing with a boy whose father is American, but whose mother was a Bourbon. The music stopped, but just as it started off again the couple were cut in by Naundorff. Said the Bourbon-American, "Who do you think you are, anyway?"

"I?" said Louis Naundorff, "I am Louis the Eighteenth!"

Of course, the other boy knew his adversary very well, and said that just to aggravate him. The girl thought they were acting like utter idiots, and told them so.

NAUNDORFF is supposed to be the great-grandson of Louis XVI, providing the Dauphin *did* escape from the Temple. Dauphin or not, Louis Naundorff was brought up in obscurity in Holland, and was told nothing of his supposed position until he reached his majority. At any rate, he is paid a substantial allowance to stay out of France, except for a few weeks a year, when he comes to Paris, surrounded by *aides* and secret service men, and chaperoned by the Princesse de la Tour du Pin. The rest of the time he is a soldier in Africa. At any rate this much is known: the Vatican is against the entire Duc de Guise-Action Franc-faction. And the Princesse de la Tour du Pin handles all the Vatican's religious propaganda in France . . . Besides, she is so positive that the boy is the Dauphin that she told the ambitious mother of a girl I know that she has in her possession the jewels of Marie Antoinette, which would, of course, go to this girl if she would marry Naundorff. (I most sincerely hope that I will not be shot for writing this.)

A Colour Question

FROM an advertisement:—*A Cambridge double Blue, penniless, seeks employment.*

It fills my heart with ruth and rue,
My forehead wears a frown;
'Tis sad to think a double "Blue"
Has not a single "brown."

J&F. MARTEL
COGNAC
"CORDON BLEU"
OVER 35 YEARS OLD
MARTELL
MARTELL
J & F. Martell
FINE LIQUEUR BRANDY
Guaranteed over 35 years in cask by
Martell & Co
Cognac
J&F MARTEL
COGNAC
35 YEARS

"The black horse shied into the ditch"

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BACCHUS

No. VI—PASS THE PORT

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustration by GILBERT HOLIDAY

PORT, so they say, was first brought to our shores by British sailors returning from Portugal—a piece of information that is not quite so idiotic as it sounds. For the port that we drink—the real black-strap, give-ye-a-grip-of-the-gob stuff (*vide* Jorrocks)—would never have been discovered, but for our mariners liking to "lace" their drinks a little, and finding a dash of brandy vastly improved the red wine of Portugal. They used to mix kegs of the liquor in this fashion to bring home with them. Of course a little brandy may have been needed to preserve the wine in any case, but beyond that I believe this to be the true explanation of what is known to-day as "vintage port."

And what a glorious drink port is, given the suitable company and occasion—as, say, after a good day's hunting with a friend or two who know something about the ways of foxes, and horses, and hounds. The high lights have been turned down, just the candles on the bare polished table, the walnuts in their dish, and the rich ruby wine of Portugal glowing softly in the old decanter. Let it circulate, chaps, while we talk of the grandest sport on earth, of what our horses did, how hounds ran, the wiles of old Reynard, and the big ditch on the far side of that innocent-looking fence which nearly made us ourselves cry "Capivi."

Great ladies may have their *salons;* Dr. Johnson's table talk must have been undoubtedly a famous treat: the intellectuals of Chelsea and Montparnasse forgather happily enough in their studios and *cafés* and speak their minds; but for the real delight of good talk commend me to foxhunters gathered round the table after dinner buzzing a decanter of port.

What memories come back to me of such nights! What yarns I have listened to. How often in some good fellow's house I have stumbled happily and sleepily to bed, to wake with never an ache nor pain on the morrow, for, as Mr. Jorrocks very properly observed, "Foxhunters can eat anything"—yes, "eat" was the word.

One such evening a friend whom I will call Tom had given my horse and self shelter for the night, for which I blessed him, as snow was falling, we had run fifteen miles away from home, and my horse had had enough. He was a black horse, and talk turned on the merits of black horses in general. Tom did not much care for black horses as a rule. He said they had not the "dash" of horses of lighter colour.

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"King George IV"

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667 B

(Continued from page 640)

"And then there is another thing about a black horse," said Tom. "If he is really an all-black horse without relief anywhere, you can be sure of one thing, he'll be a rogue; it may take a long time to come out, but sooner or later vice will show itself. Read any of the old sporting books of fifty or a hundred years ago, you'll find they say the same thing."

That was Tom's theory; if he was right the only thing that puzzled me is why "all black" horses are used for funeral processions.

Then Tom went on to tell me about an "all black" horse he'd known called Brute (Cæsar's friend), and "brute" he was, said Tom. "A dealer called Mundy had him down in the Loden country. He knew the horse's character, and had no business to have sold him to anybody, certainly not to old Pondleberry. Garside told him so."

"Who was Garside?" I asked, accepting the decanter Tom pushed forward.

"A young Colonial home on leave that season; he was in love with Pondleberry's wife and she with him; can you wonder at it, Pondleberry was forty-eight and his wife just twenty-three. The poor kid was miserable, but Pondleberry wouldn't let her go; he was a selfish old cuss in many ways. Well, when he bought this black horse, which the dealer told him ought to win a steeplechase, Garside, who knew the horse's character, told him straight out he had better never get on the brute's back unless he wished to kill himself—pretty disinterested advice, all things considered. Pondleberry wouldn't listen; he had the horse brought out for him to ride second the next day, got on his back in the middle of a pretty large field, was bolted with of course, and luckily for him fell off before they made contact with a six-foot wall.

"The old boy looked pretty shaky after the incident and Garside did rather a white thing. He saw Pondleberry did not want to shame himself in front of the whole field by not mounting again, so he rode straight up and asked to be allowed to try the black with a view to buying him. Of course old Pondleberry was delighted and they swopped horses on the spot.

"There it is; I've put it beside you; we've got to finish this bottle to-night. Garside was a pretty good horseman and believed he could hold the black. But Claire, Pondleberry's wife, was worried. She did not want to see anybody killed—certainly not Garside.

"All went well for half an hour; hounds weren't running very fast, and Garside kept wide of them; then the pace improved, and in the fast gallop that followed the black went mad again. He got his tongue over the bit—his favourite trick—took a gate at a suicidal pace, charged down a lane and headed straight for a set of double railway gates. Now you may get over one five-barred gate going too fast with luck, but a pair set near together—never. The whole thing was happening in front of the field, and to add to the excitement the signals were down for an up-line train. Not that the train would make much difference; if the black tried to take those double gates, Garside was going to be dead before any train reached him."

My host paused to sip his own port. He lifted the glass: "How do you like it?" he asked.

"It's a grand wine; well, what happened?"

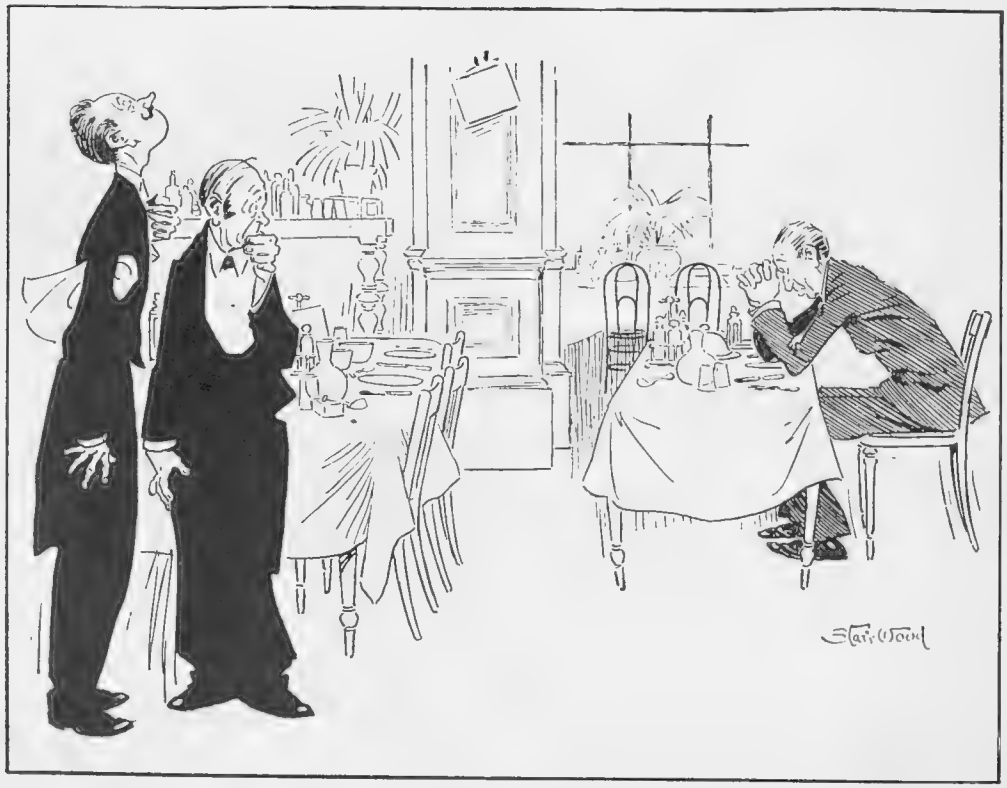
"Just one of those strokes of Providence.

"The black horse shied into the ditch. Maybe he saw the train; maybe the engine whistle frightened him. Anyway, he forgot those gates, shied into the ditch, and Garside got off with a shaking. Marvellous escape, wasn't it?"

"It was," I agreed, then said no more. I was thinking of old Pondleberry, the girl twenty-five years younger than himself, whom he'd married and refused to let go, and Garside. Gee! There are times when it's hard to be young.

"Funny thing about the whole business," continued Tom, "was that soon after that Pondleberry gave Claire her liberty. I suppose he saw the look on her face when she thought Garside was going to be killed, and, when he knew what Garside meant to her, felt he could not keep her any longer. Anyway, he let her go and the two got married. Shall we open another bottle and have just one more glass apiece?"

"No thanks," I said, as firmly as possible. A. M.



By Starr Wood

"He's been over twenty minutes saying grace"

"Don't interfere—perhaps he's praying for strength to meet the bill!"

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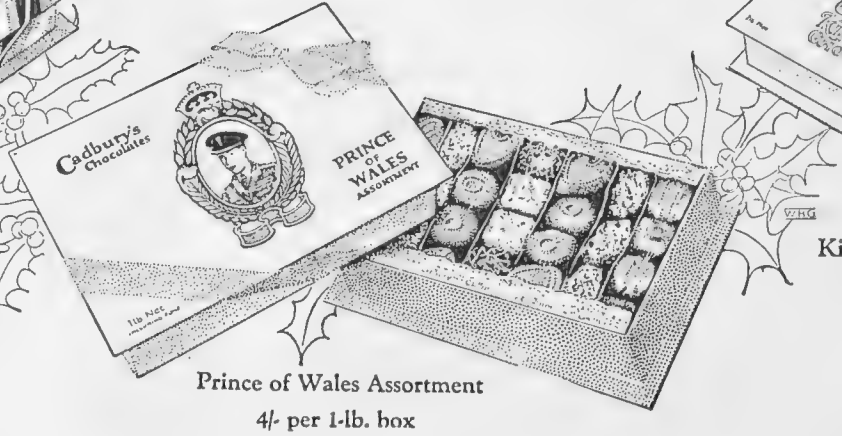

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TENNESSEE OFF THE STAGE

By RALPH STRAUS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MOST authors these days thank their stars for America, and a glance at the literary advertisements "over there" may help to explain why British books abound. There is certainly not the smallest sign that our writers are losing their popularity in the States, and, as a matter of fact, most of them of any standing will tell you that considerably more than half their income comes from the richer side of the Atlantic. Which, I feel, is just as it should be, and very different from what it was in the bad old days, when Dickens shocked America by daring to make public demand for a small fraction, at any rate, of the great fortunes which her piratical publishers were making out of his books.

❋

AT the same time, it is well to realise that American novels are becoming "bigger and better," and have to be only averagely good to find a publisher in England. Which is also, I suppose, just what it should be, though assuredly not what it was twenty years ago, before the cinema had taught us how America has managed to survive. And this brings me to a new American novel which I have been reading: *Bright Metal* (Nisbet: 7*s*. 6*d*.) by T. S. Stribling.

❋

I CONFESS that I have missed the significance of the title. I do not know whose or what the bright metal may be. But I like the book. I believe it to be a very good novel indeed. Mr. Stribling was the author of that exuberant yarn *Fombombo*, in which a South American Revolution refused very firmly to be in the least degree like the South American revolutions of most of the books. In the new story he is much nearer home: in Tennessee, to be exact, which bears no resemblance whatever, so far as I can see, to the Tennessee we are accustomed to hear about on the musical-comedy stage. Mr. Stribling's Tennessee is a curiously unpleasant place. It is so unpleasant that one wonders what Tennessee will do to Mr. Stribling. (Conceivably nothing more nor less than Main Street did to Sinclair Lewis.) But it seems to be an authentic Tennessee, and in any case it provides Mr. Stribling with the background for a very fine story.

❋

AND the first question I ask myself is: How many novels of English provincial life are as genuinely dramatic and as lifelike as this one? Few enough. Small towns seem to make very small beer—in the books—though there are honourable exceptions. True, they are rather more melodramatic in Tennessee than they are in Norfolk or Devon, and their code of morals seems to leave political honesty very severely alone—luckily for the novelist. They are also distinctly unfriendly towards evolution (about which our own peasants very seldom show any feelings at all), and to them New York and Chicago are the new cities of the plain, where the devil is having the time of his life. But even though there is so picturesque a background to work on, I question whether more than three, or at most four, other American writers could have interested me so much in a group of people whom I have so little desire to meet in person.

MR. T. S. STRIBLING

The author of "Bright Metal." It is published by Nisbet at 7s. 6d. net

❋

THE story, too, is cunningly contrived; you are kept continually on the alert to find out what is to happen next—sure sign of good craftsmanship. For the most part you see these almost unbelievably primitive folk through the eyes of a New York actress who has rather surprisingly married into one of the local families. She, poor dear, does her best to conform to the peculiar customs of the place, but, of course, is misunderstood. In fact, the whole book is a comedy of misunderstandings. The final scene is not conclusive; I do not believe that Agatha, late of the New York stage, who has allowed herself to be seduced by the charming young wastrel who is forced to leave the State very hurriedly, would ever agree to spend the rest of her days in such freakish surroundings. But that is a small point, and Mr. Stribling never actually tells us that she did spend the rest of her days in Tennessee; he is content to show her on the last page returning to her stick of a husband. A most entertaining story; certainly one of the best that America has sent us this year.

❋

AND talking of freakish surroundings reminds me of a wicked little joke perpetrated by that warm admirer of ours, M. André Maurois. Satire, I know, is not very popular these days—perhaps our satirists are not as spry as they used to be—but *A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles* (Cape: 5*s*.), as translated by David Garnett, should certainly amuse more people than it will bore (which for this kind of book is quite a fair compliment today). In this curious island it is the writers and painters who form the real aristocracy and do just what they please, while questions of morals are only important so far as they are wanted for the books and the pictures that are being created. As for dull things like politics, law, medicine, and the rest, they hardly matter; they are the province of a lower order of beings altogether. A charming island! It is pleasant to meet the Articoles, and M. Maurois's book is so slim that it might well serve as a new sort of Christmas card. A little expensive, perhaps, but, unlike most of the cheaper kinds, it would not be thrown into the waste-paper basket.

❋

WHICH brings me to the Christmas cards issued at a shilling apiece by the Favil Press in conjunction with the Poetry Bookshop. These are well worth buying, containing as they do verses by well-known living poets and "cuts," both plain and in colour, by equally well-known artists. With Humbert Wolfe, Eleanor Farjeon, C. R. W. Nevinson, Harold Monro, W. H. Davies, and Eric Daglish amongst the contributors, I imagine that these cards will materially increase in value. Collectors will certainly want them.

BOOKS RECEIVED

RUBBER PRODUCING COMPANIES, 1928. Compiled by The Mincing Lane Tea and Rubber Share Brokers' Association. (Financial Times: 7s. 6d.)

THE JESUS COLLEGE BOAT CLUB. By F. Brittain and H. B. Playford. (Heffer: 21s.)

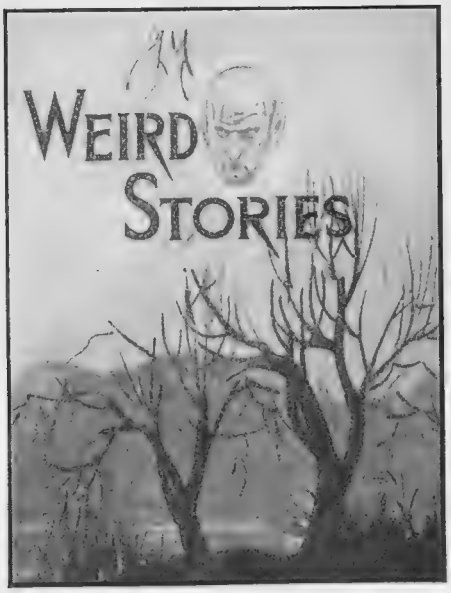
THE WORLD'S HISTORY. By Lady Tyrrell. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)

THE LURE OF SUSSEX. By R. Thurston Hopkins. (Palmer: 3s. 6d.)

THE GOODMAN OF PARIS. Edited by G. G. Coulton and Eileen Power. (Routledge: 12s. 6d.)

FICTION

THE SHADOW DANCE. By Neville Brand. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)



SUCCESSFUL stories of the supernatural usually fall into two classes—those that are written as fiction by a professional writer who is a real artist at his work, and those that are related as bald facts without any embroidery or strain of imagination. *Weird Stories* (Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd.: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) is a book that comes in the latter class of merit, since it is a collection of stories that have appeared in the *Tatler,* and which have been submitted by responsible people in good faith. In this book occur stories of almost every kind of supernatural experience, from mental telepathy to manifestation, but there are some of them that stand out particularly from the rest.

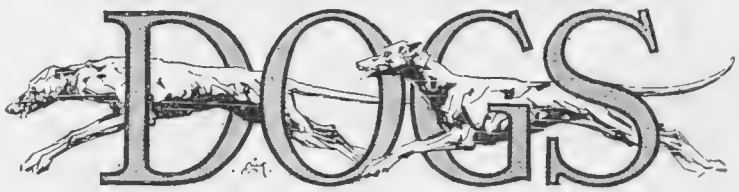
THERE is always an uncanny atmosphere about the East, and a story in this book, entitled "The Curse," is most dramatic. It tells of an Englishwoman who invoked the wrath of a *Yogi,* or holy man, who demanded the Englishwoman's *Ayah* to procure him a hair from her mistress's head. The terrible tragedy that was averted by the faithful servant giving the *Yogi* a mat hair instead of the human one will enthral everyone. Another amazing tale from the East concerns the experience of three Englishmen and two women who witnessed the spectacle of weights, amounting to two tons, lifted of their own accord to a height of nearly two feet from the floor by, apparently, mental suggestion.

TO readers interested in spiritualism two stories of photographic manifestation will prove interesting. One about a certain rector, who, on taking photographs of an historic church, found on every negative the figures of priests and nuns kneeling or officiating at the altar. The other is of an engaged girl, who had her photograph taken at a studio. Finding that the photographers were very loath to let her see proofs, she sent a friend, who finally persuaded them to reveal the proofs. The friend was horrified to see in the proofs the figure of the engaged girl's future husband standing behind his *fiancée* with an upraised dagger, a manifestation that was dreadfully fulfilled. Another story dealing with photographs, and a most poignant one, is that of a man who relates how on three occasions a photograph of someone dear to him has been destroyed prior to the subject's death. In this way he has received a warning of the death of his wife and his two sons, and he most tragically ends: "I have one photograph left, and I shall feel so happy when I lose that; it is a photograph of—myself!"

AN interesting example of television is the story told by a member of the Scott's South Pole Expedition in 1912, who had a vision of the Norwegians reaching the South Pole on the exact day that nearly a year later he learnt that they did actually arrive.

THERE are countless other intriguing stories and recollections in this book, and *Weird Stories* makes a most successful "thriller." Particularly so because the majority of the stories concern twentieth-century experiences, which seem all the more eerie in a world that is no longer ruled by a general superstition of, to quote the *Ingoldsby Legends,* "Witches and Warlocks, Ghosts, Goblins and Ghouls."

WILFRED GAVIN.



By "The Kennelman"

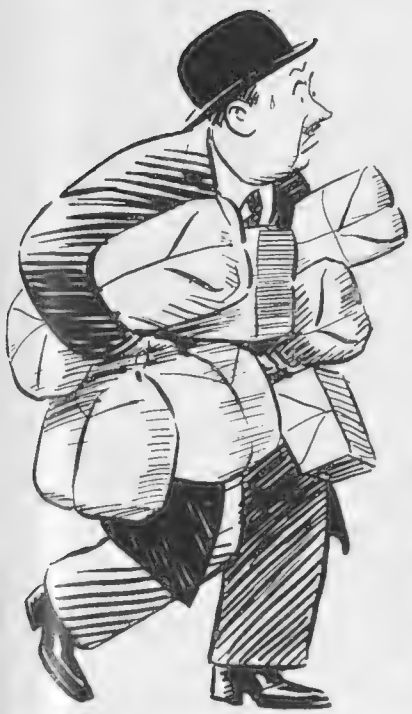
"THE Kennelman's" closest friends—the distinguished group includes Bloodhounds, Bassets, Dandies, Irish Wolfhounds, Pekingese, Bobtails, Cockers, and an old gentleman with true Rodney Stone blood in his veins, whose vast chest is none too big for the heart it holds, whose absurd sentimentality is set off by the most truculently leering jowl—desire to send jolliest Christmas greeting to all good Bystanders. That they are conscious of the nearness of the festive days is suggested by their marked "the-more-we-get-together" expression, especially in that late afternoon hour when you consider cocktails, and they breathe hard through their noses, speculative prophecy regarding supper.

Some of them are probably aware that their next week's menu has already been designed. Perhaps some Dog-owned readers may like to glean a hint from it. As to quantities per Dog-dish, that depends on the individual; but the constituents being genuinely doggy—it's selfish sentimentality to impose digestive penalties by giving them our own favourite fare on Christmas Day, for that doesn't suit them one-hundredth part so well as this—it's safe to make it well over the usual ration. The Terrier kind can do with half a pound flesh to a quarter pound accessory; the middling sizes, 12 oz. flesh to 6 oz. other part; and the really big fellows, a pound of flesh to 8 or 9 oz. filling. The flesh will be rabbit and steak in fifty-fifty proportions. The stodge will be Sippets, first, lightly soaked in jolly good stock, and then lightly baked to give just that delicious crispness that yields something to bite on without being chuffy. Use whatever is the best biscuit or biscuit-meal you know. The steak and rabbit flesh will be cut into thin slivers; the first after a very light grilling—not much more than scorching; the second, after long, slow simmering. Every last vestige of rabbit bone will be eliminated before the cutting up and mixing. But by way of savoury, platters being polished and chops licked, there will be for each Dog a substantial beef bone—the big, jolly kind that never splinter, but yield granular succulence round their edges to vigorous and teeth-cleansing gnawing. And so to heartfelt grace and blissful dozing. This will come about five pip emma. There will have been a long cross-country ramble in the forenoon, and another outing between two and three. That's the kennel programme for Christmas; with double allowance fresh bedding for each bench. Can you beat it?

Correspondents who offer and seek advice on buying Dogs, especially pups, for Christmas presents seem extra numerous this year, but a bit on the late side. A Dog, grown or puppy, is a *person,* not a chattel. The discerning human will never, never seek purchase across counters, like pounds of tea or calendars. For the suitable recipient you could not choose a better gift; but make sure first of your recipient's fitness, and then choose a canine person, if you please, not a caged victim of commercial enterprise. If it's a pup let it be a month clear of weaning, chosen at the breeder's own place, and accompanied by a full-written diet-sheet showing just what feeding is required. (You can get the names of established breeders in every district from the specialist clubs. Inquire at Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly.) As for prices, don't haggle. Providing you want simply a sound, well-bred, attractive personality, rather than show-bench points, a five-pound note will pay for a good pup of almost any breed. Here and there you may happen on one for a bit less. But don't haggle, and don't rush the job.

"YOU WANT A YOUNGER!"

Said Mrs. Brown to Hubby dear,
" You wait for me—don't move from here,"
She loads him up with festive cheer,
It's rough on Brown—but get his ear :
" You want a Younger."



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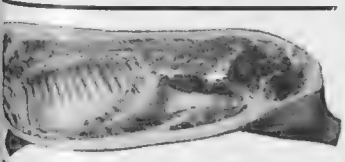

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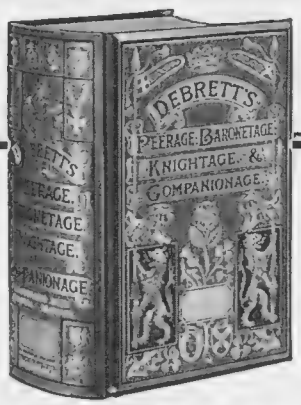

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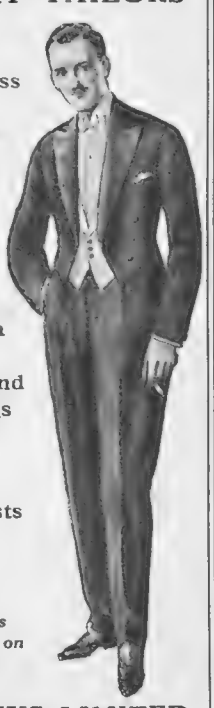

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ART IN AID OF CHARITY

THE widow of that very clever artist Dudley Hardy is now unfortunately in exceedingly reduced circumstances. In order to raise £1,000 to purchase a small annuity for her a relief fund has been started. Many artists have presented pictures, and every purchaser of a guinea ticket will be entitled to one of these, some of which are valued at as much as £60 or £70. To aid this deserving cause "The Bystander" has purchased the originals of the four pictures by A. K. Macdonald reproduced above, and has presented them to the Relief Fund

THOSE "GOOD OLD TIMES" . . . . !

MOTOR NOTES by E. M. WRIGHT

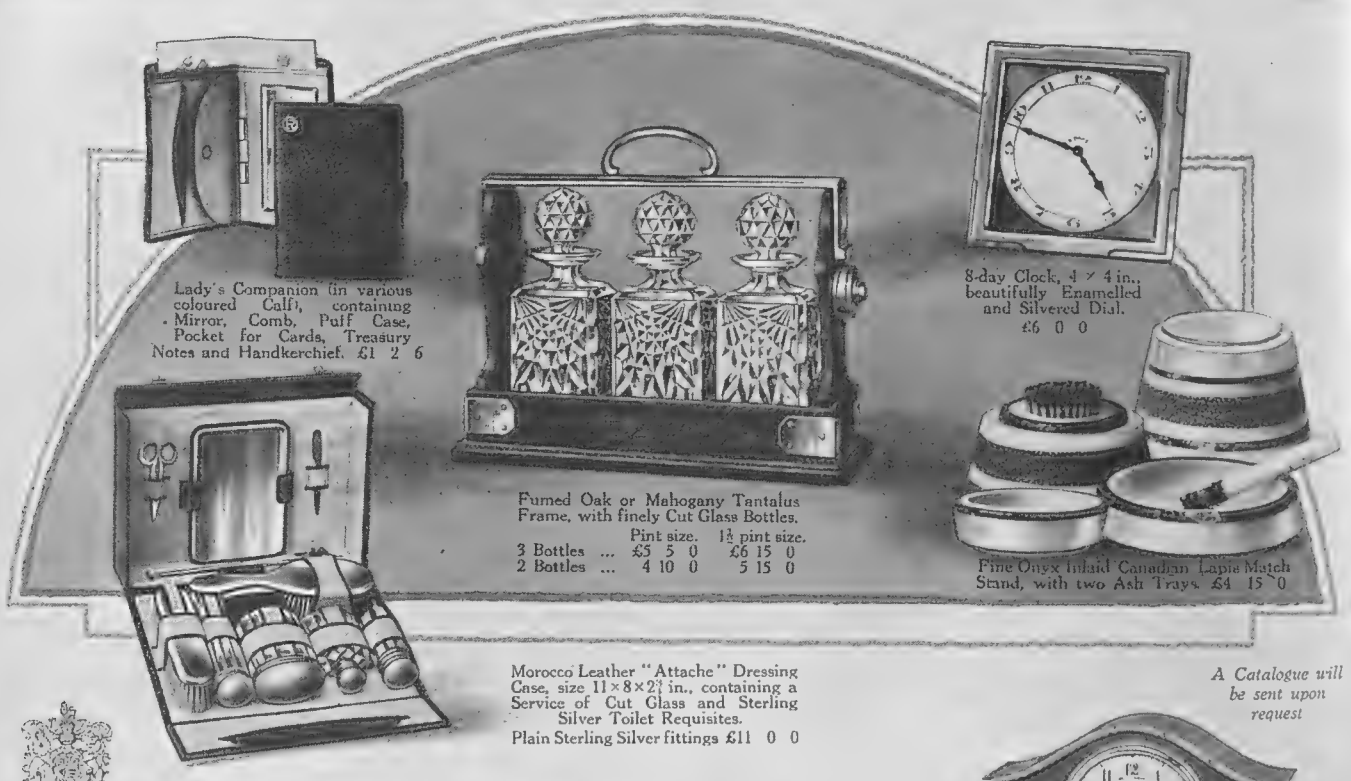
A Morris Six photographed amid some fine Scottish scenery. The photograph was taken above the Devil's Elbow, the highest road point in the British Isles

Now, as never at any other time of the year, do we hark back to "the good old times." In a changing world the ritual of Christmas stands unaltered. Crowded round the blazing Yuletide log, we munch chestnuts and read Dickens's tales of the old coaching days. I wonder if those good old days were really so good as old-timers would have us believe! It is but a year ago that we had a "real old-fashioned Christmas," and what an unmitigated nuisance it was. It was all very well for the waits to sing on Christmas Eve "let nothing you dismay," but when, after a couple of days' stay with some friends twelve miles from the nearest station, I woke up on the day of departure to find that drifts filled the roads flush with the hedgerows, my heart sank.

***

Reach the railway I must; so, clad in the oldest of clothes and with an ancient kit bag that I had unearthed from the box-room slung over my shoulder, I set off on my lonely trudge. Darkness forced me to halt at a wayside inn. Here in the true Dickensian tradition I should have spent the night, after an evening snugly ensconced in some warm parlour with a foaming tankard and a pipe, but luckily a back road from there on to the railway station was open, and—here is the point of my story—modern invention came to my aid in the shape of a car.

The latest 16 h.p. six-cylinder Darracq photographed in the picturesque village of Doncaster, in Oxfordshire



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The Best Car in the World

"The very name of the firm has become a recognised criterion by which all manner of other commodities are now judged, not only in this, but every other country." *The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News 13th October 1928*

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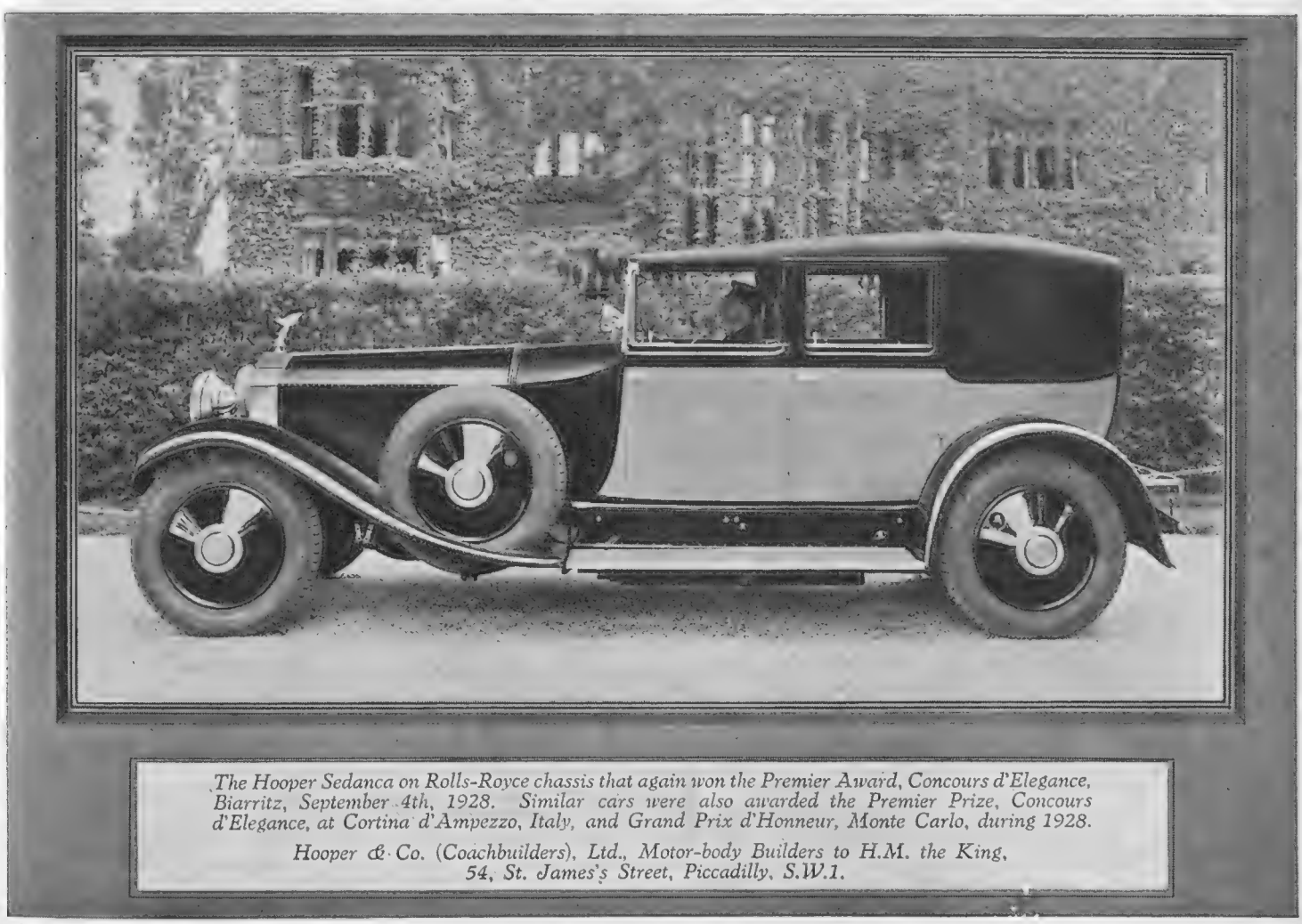

The Hooper Sedanca on Rolls-Royce chassis that again won the Premier Award, Concours d'Elegance, Biarritz, September 4th, 1928. Similar cars were also awarded the Premier Prize, Concours d'Elegance, at Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, and Grand Prix d'Honneur, Monte Carlo, during 1928.

Hooper & Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd., Motor-body Builders to H.M. the King, 54, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, S.W.1.

Kennington Service

WHAT a lot of sheer rubbish has been written of the coaching days. Think of hour after hour spent on the top of a lurching, clumsy vehicle with the rain pouring down, and, maybe, an east wind blowing. Just, perhaps, as you had dropped into a few minutes' troubled doze, the guard would blow a playful fanfare into your ear, or a pistol shot out of the darkness would introduce the local highwayman. Trains, say the die-hards, robbed the roads of their romance, and cars stole their peace. Would you like, then, to spend a week or so travelling north, and what is going to happen to your week-end runs into the country?

***

EVEN among motorists themselves, whom the more exclusive of the Tories consider vandals *en masse*, there is a romantic "good old times" element which looks back with regret to those early days which in point of time are so very recent, but which in point of evolution are so infinitely remote. I will not paint the picture blacker than in fact it was. It was a lark, no doubt, to take part in the demonstration run of early cars from London to Brighton recently, to wrestle with the vagaries of an 1896 bus. The trials and tribulations were all part of the adventure. It was novel and amusing to have to tinker with the carburetter every few miles, to stop and refill with petrol and water. The ghastly noises but amused you, and if your passenger did not have to get out and push, you counted it a triumph, indeed.

BUT if we were to have the old days again, we should have to take the rough with the smooth. It is all very well to look back and remember the high lights of adventure and forget when you were stranded miles from anywhere in the rain, or when you had to mend a puncture in the gathering dusk. All road travel was adventurous then. Now that you have motored for years the novelty has worn off and the thrills you used to have are blunted by usage. Time was when you were a sort of hero to the girl beside you, but nowadays she can quite probably drive better than you yourself, and—what is even more galling to your pride—has no hesitation in letting you know it.

Mr. E. W. Deeley photographed at the wheel of the Singer Junior Sports car rounding the second hairpin of Porlock. This car completed 100 climbs in 15 hours

***

IN one day, driving alternately, Messrs. E. W. Deeley and E. Wood have climbed the famous Porlock Hill 100 times on a Singer Junior Sports car. The attempt started at 6.50 a.m. and was brought to a successful conclusion by 9.45 p.m. The average motorist can have little conception of the severity of this feat. Porlock Hill, which lies on the main Porlock-Lynmouth road, was once such a noted "terror" that most drivers took the alternative toll-road.

***

TO complete the 100 ascents the Singer had to be driven hard, both up and down, and the 15 hours' running was thus a continual strain; that the test should have proved so successful is a tribute to modern light cars in general and to the Singer in particular. It is estimated that the total height climbed was some 75,000 feet; this is roughly equivalent to 2½ times the height of Mount Everest, 17 times the height of Ben Nevis, or 21 times the height of Snowdon. It is also probably as much as many motorists climb in a year's running.

E. M. W.

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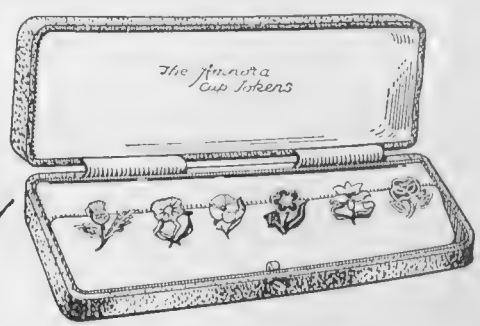

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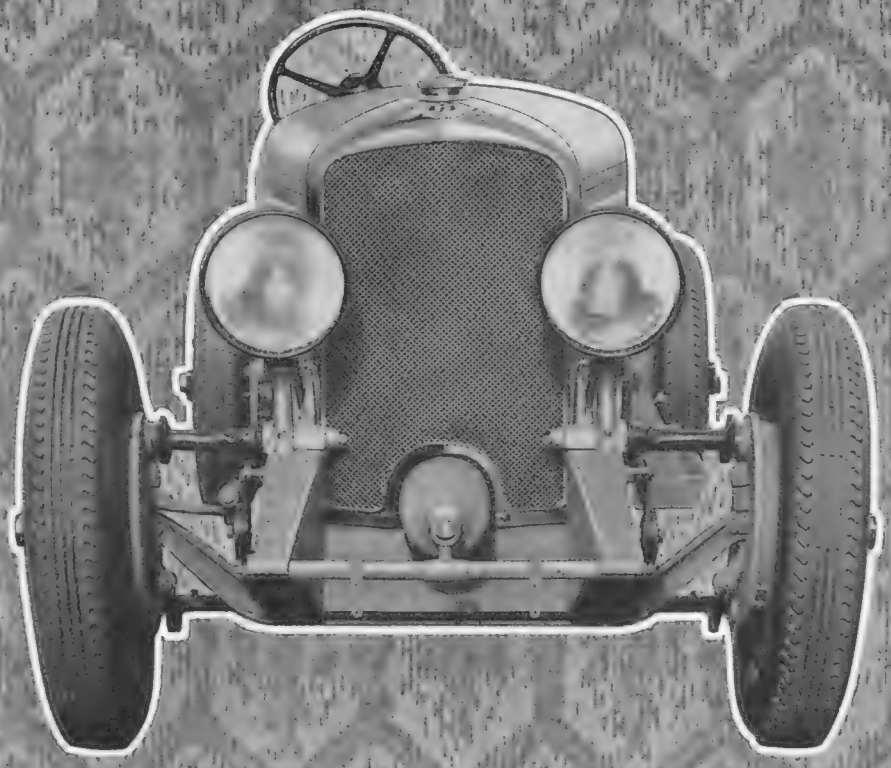
" Morning Post," 3/12/28.



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A Memorable Day With the Beaufort

By A. W. COATEN

With the Wilton

A PLEASANT hunting country which does not get into the limelight very much, yet yields good average sport, is that covered by the Wilton Hounds. This Hunt dates back exactly fifty years, and is prospering well under the Mastership of Capt. Frank Forester, who was famous as the Master of the Quorn for a number of seasons. He thought that he had retired from such responsibilities for good until the spring of 1927, when he was petitioned by some of the principal farmers in the Wilton country to take over the pack. I think he is tolerably well pleased with the results of his new adventure. Parts of the down country have become much enclosed by wire fences, and there seems to be no means of stopping their erection. Against this, however, has to be set the advantage that it is a fine wild country, with foxes to match. For the most part fields are small, which means a correspondingly light subscription, but hounds do not get ridden over and motors do no harm. The keen sportsmen who ride with the pack appreciate the Master's efforts, and like to see a fox killed by these good-working hounds.

A Gallop to Remember

I HAVE an enthusiastic note from a friend who rode all through the recent fine gallop with the Beaufort from Tockington Spinney. He tells me that hounds raced away at great speed across the Bushton Vale, climbed the hill at Highway Gulley and ran on to Yatesbury, where mercifully there was a check caused by a large patch of plough. Tom Newman, who was hunting them, soon picked up the line, and hounds ran fast over the downs, which begin to rise steeply about here. As he crossed the London road between Calne and Marlborough into the Avon Vale country the fox could just be seen breasting the precipitous slopes of Cherhill, on the top of which stands, at 827ft., the great obelisk, a well-known feature for many miles around, and one familiar to all who use the Great West Road.

The Years Roll Back

THE field, now reduced to twenty-two, forced their tired mounts up the formidable slopes, and were rewarded by seeing hounds pull their fox down right at the foot of the monument. To those who were standing on what must be very nearly the highest point in Wiltshire the scene was exceedingly picturesque. You saw a vast expanse of down and a cluster of blowing steeds and sportsmen, while a little below the crest were the hounds and huntsman. Of course, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort were there. Tom Newman looked twenty years younger as he saw hounds kill in the open after such a glorious hunt. "I think, too," adds my correspondent, "that all of us who are over forty felt the years had rolled back a little, even when one got home after covering about forty miles of country." I wrote last week of the good time the Badminton people had enjoyed during the opening month, and the whole season looks like being a genuine success in these parts.

Poole, Waterford

FROM PEN TO HOUNDS

Miss Molly Skrine, the Irish authoress who writes under the name of "M. J. Farrell," photographed at a meet of the Island Hounds. She is seen with Mr. R. W. Hall-Dare, a former Master of the Island

IN ERIN'S ISLE *Poole, Waterford*

Capt. R. H. Fowler and Capt. J. A. Hornsby, the Joint-Masters of the Meath, photographed at a recent meet. This famous Irish hunt has fifty couple of hounds, and the kennels are at Nugentstown, Kells

Wanted, New M.F.H.s

HUNTING people who believe they possess the necessary qualifications for the Mastership of Hounds are likely to find a good selection of countries falling vacant during the next month or two. M.F.H.s who, for one reason or another, have made up their minds to retire are now acquainting their Hunt Committees with the fact, and suitable successors to them are being sought for. I learn that the East Sussex people are anxious to fill the gap which will be caused by the resignation of Lieut.-Commander H. S. Egerton, who has hunted the country three days a week for eight seasons. The East Sussex is known as chiefly a woodland country, but its open districts have a large proportion of grass. Sir Anchitel Ashburnham-Clement, who has been one of the pillars of the Hunt for many years, is still the chairman of the Hunt Committee, and to him aspiring M.F.H.s should address their applications for the country.

Vacant Countries

IT is announced, too, that the Haydon country is in need of a Master. These hounds hunt a corner of Northumberland, and are a good pack for a man who wants to be his own huntsman. It is a wall country possessing a stout breed of foxes, and on one side it adjoins the territory of the Tynedale country.

Head and shoulders above all others!

The
Whisky
for *this* Christmas

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If you wish to give an unusual gift to your friends for Xmas, order from your tobacconist the CRAVEN "A" Inkstand Cabinet containing 200 cigarettes at 10/6. A really beautiful and useful Xmas Present.

Pacific and Atlantic

Mr. A. Muntz arriving in his Moth at the Great West Aerodrome. This Aerodrome, which is being built by Airwork, Ltd., at Heston, near the Great West Road, is to provide a parking place for owners who fly from the country to London

CHEAPER LIGHT 'PLANES

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Next Year, Perhaps!

UNDER the "Guest" scheme it is proposed to standardise one type of machine for use throughout the country, and, although only a few centres can be established next year, competition for the big order will probably tend to reduce prices all round. The "Spartan" is already cheaper than its rivals, and increased production of the "Avian" may very probably result in a lower price for that type also.

Recent amalgamations and rumours of such are not likely to affect the position of present light 'plane manufacturers, unless the Vickers-Supermarine combine produce a small flying boat or amphibian. There would be a fair demand for these latter types, but the cost would be very much higher than that of a land machine with similar accommodation, so that they will probably remain for some years in the luxury class. In the United States, where money is no object, the air yacht is extremely popular, being used not only on the coast, but on the Great Lakes and rivers.

Bad Weather Pilots

WE are able to turn out a better average pilot than most other countries, largely because those who learn to fly under English weather conditions find themselves at home almost anywhere in the world. The total flying time at the De Havilland School during one of the worst weeks on record was over fifty-seven hours, fifteen new Gipsy Moths making their first acquaintance with the upper air, and quite a number of first solos being carried out, including one by Mr. Kashif, an Egyptian pupil.

As an example of how quickly instruction can be carried out even in winter, Mr. Armstrong Payn, a new member of the Cinque Ports Club, put in nearly four hours during one bad week, and was likely to go solo within a fortnight. At Renfrew Mr. H. D. Primrose and Mr. K. Fairweather were both launched on their first solo flights during a bright spell, and each put up an excellent performance, although Mr. Fairweather stayed in the air for over two hours, being unable to decide which lake was Moor Park aerodrome.

L.N.A.

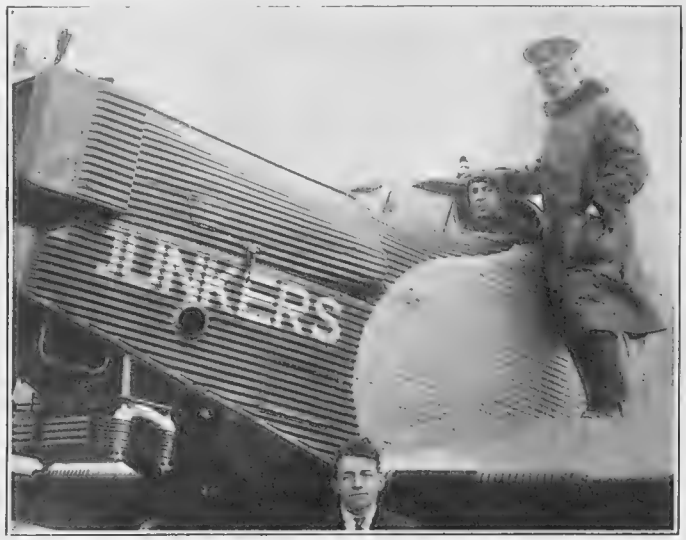
Captain A. S. Butler with Mrs. Butler, who was his passenger when he broke the world's speed record for two-seater light aeroplanes on a 100-kilometre close circle. He flew a Gipsy Moth, which already holds the world's altitude record for its class

The Coupé Moth

THIS new type, nicknamed the "Cosy," has found instant favour with all pilots who have flown it. Contrary to most cabin types, there is no sensation of being shut in a box, as a clear view is obtained in every direction. The drag exerted by open cockpits is now fully illustrated by the fact that the new machine is several miles an hour faster than the machine containing an open one. Sir Sefton Brancker recently made a flight to Cardington to inspect a new airship, and he found the "Cosy" very much more comfortable than his own machine, D.C.A.

An African Air Cruise

Capt. H. V. Worrall, D.S.C., is taking charge of Sq.-Ldr. Guest's new machine for the whole of its journey to Central Africa and back. It will leave Croydon as a land machine, flying *via* Spain, Morocco, and then along the North African coast to Egypt, where floats will be fitted for the trip down the Nile. Flt.-Lt. Soden, of the Central Flying School, is piloting the Gipsy Moth accompanying the expedition, so that by having two different machines it will be possible to reach any point of interest *en route*.



Photopress

Captain F. E. Guest, M.P., standing on the wing of his new Junker monoplane which he has acquired for his flight to East Africa. The object of his flight is to study the practicability of the first half of the Cape to Cairo air route from the viewpoint of Imperial and air commerce development

A Speed Bump

One of the pilots who has been flying the record-breaking Supermarine Napier S.5 noticed a curious sensation like a thump on the back as it left the water. The drag of the floats checks the speed, but on coming unstuck the machine gives a sudden spurt from about 120 m.p.h. to 200 m.p.h., and the pilot has a momentary feeling of being left behind. Unless he keeps his head jammed hard against the padding, a serious crick in the neck might result.

Air Route Congestion

The Air Ministry has issued an Order to private owners, and others not operating regular air-line machines, that they must report their movements when intending to cross the Channel. On a thick day in the winter it is most essential that those responsible for the safety of various routes should know exactly how many machines are using them and approximately where they are.

A Signal Box for the Sky

A new wireless beacon with a range of 200 miles is being erected on the coast to act as a guide for ships and aircraft. By its aid it will be possible for machines fitted with wireless to feel their way into port.

"The Higher the Fewer"

Introducing Noel and Nina, the Heavenly Twins, two modern young people who have decided that the old motto of the air, "Per Ardua ad Astra," should now read, "Through Mud and Morris-Cowleys to the Clear Skies." The De Havilland Company will be very pleased to send a copy of this booklet to anyone interested in the air movement. C. E. W

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P10

"Still as light as a feather, Miss Astaire!"

Miss Adele Astaire, the dancer and leading lady in "Funny Face" at the Princes, London

"Thanks Jenkyn – but I wouldn't be if I let myself eat fattening sweet things"

Whenever I crave anything of that sort, I just light a Kensitas instead. A Kensitas makes you proof against temptation to eat the things that put on weight. It satisfies the craving—and it doesn't spoil your figure.

Well, I am sure many young ladies will be interested to hear your news about Kensitas. Of course, a reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweet things are harmful and that too many such are eaten. So, for moderation's sake, I say, don't nibble, smoke a Kensitas.

don't nibble smoke a—

KENSITAS

100% *Real Virginia Tobacco—no substitutes—*20 *for* 1/-

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5013. Ciro Sapphire or Emerald, with Ciro Diamonds in gold and platinette setting.
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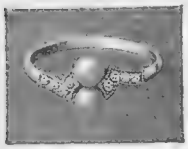

546. Two Ciro Pearls set in cross-over fashion, with Ciro Diamonds in gold and platinette.
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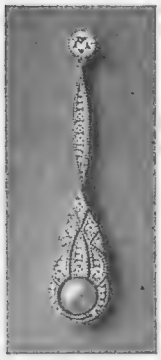

1093. Selected Ciro Pearls set with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
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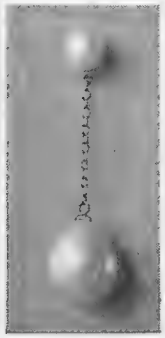

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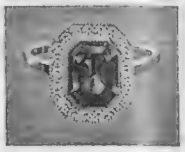

530. Perfectly cut Ciro Emerald or Sapphire, set with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
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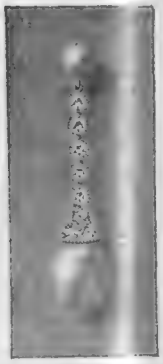
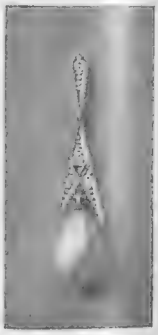


1071. Ciro Diamonds and selected Ciro Pearls, set in platinette.
£1 . 1 . 0 per pair.



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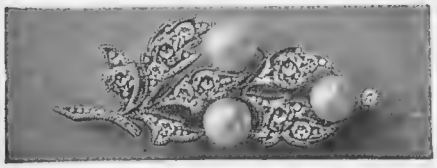
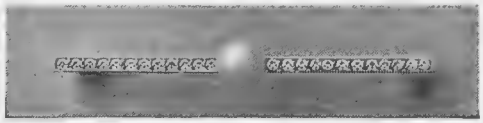
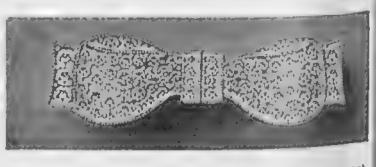
£1 . 1 . 0 per pair.



4258. Brooch or Hat ornament of Ciro Pearls and Ciro Diamonds mounted in Platinette.
£1 . 1 . 0 per pair.



731. Brooch of selected Ciro Pearl on platinette bar closely studded with Ciro Diamonds. Engraved sides.
£1 . 1 . 0



4346. Dainty bow brooch or Hat ornament, closely set with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 . 1 . 0

All Earrings made for pierced and unpierced ears.

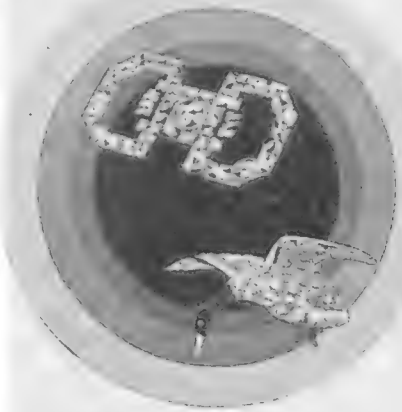
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By CYNTHIA

Shoes for walking, dancing, and the boudoir. From Hanan's

Perfect Footwear

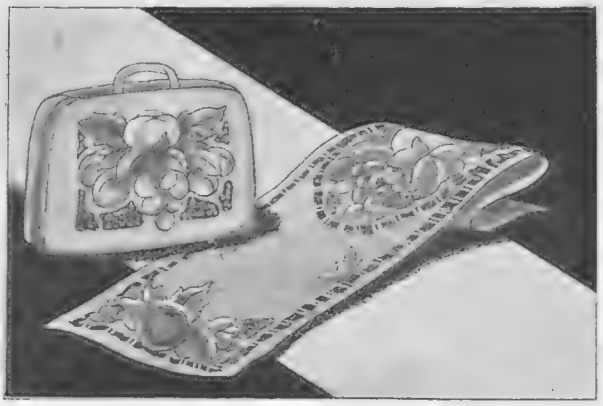
At no season of the year are distinctive and comfortable shoes more important than during the Christmas holidays, for the social round then is very strenuous, and perfect footwear is an inestimable boon. At the head of this page is a beautifully cut shoe of satin, with a new and attractive buckle. The afternoon shoe on the right is made of black lizard and suède, or of brown kid and suède. On the left is an original mule with the front shaped like a leaf. In red, blue, or green kid, it has delicate gold "veins," and would prove most comfortable.



A diamond shoulder brooch and a hat ornament. From Hunt and Roskell

Modern Jewels

Jewels play a more and more important part in the decorative scheme of things. Different in character, but both exquisite, are the brooches sketched on this page, which come from Hunt and Roskell, 25, Old Bond Street. The simplicity of the design of the shoulder brooch, which is composed of diamonds, emphasises its perfect proportions, while the vigorously modelled hat brooch, of fine quality brilliants and enamel, is admirable in its realism.



A decorative table runner with a tea cosy to match. At Swan and Edgar's

Festive Raiment

Here is the ideal gift for husbands to give their wives! A new dress from Rhonia's, 191, Regent Street. The one illustrated on this page comes from her. It is in the new olive-green shade and is admirably tailored. A group of narrow pleats across the front is smocked at the top, while at the back there are box pleats. The stitched belt is finished with a carved wooden buckle, and the collar of golden-hued fur is edged with fringe. Many delightful evening dresses and cloaks are to be found here.

A Treasure Trove

A visit to Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, would prove a delight to anybody, and a source of inspiration to prospective present-givers. Something for everybody may certainly be found, whatever their age and whatever their temperament. The charming table runner in suède cloth in dark blue, orange, fawn, or tan, with a good design, would be a source of great pleasure to home-lovers. It costs 12*s.* 11*d.*, and the tea cosy to match is priced at 10*s.* 9*d.*

From the National Fur Co. comes this tie of sable marmot

Irreproachable Tweeds

In these days "country cousins" are quite as smart and well-turned-out as their town sisters. For them has been designed the very delightful tweed set that is sketched on this page. It comes from Richard Sands, 187A, Sloane Street, and is made of tweeds in most becoming mixtures of shades. The little hat with the stitched brim, lined with angora, costs 35*s.* The cosy scarf, also angora lined, is priced at 12*s.* 6*d.*, and the new shaped bag of leather and tweed is available from 27*s.* 6*d.* All who are in search of woollen cardigans should make a point of seeing those which may be found in these salons, for there is an amazingly wide choice, ranging in price from 15*s.* 6*d.*, and including many in French novelty designs.

A Sociable Gift

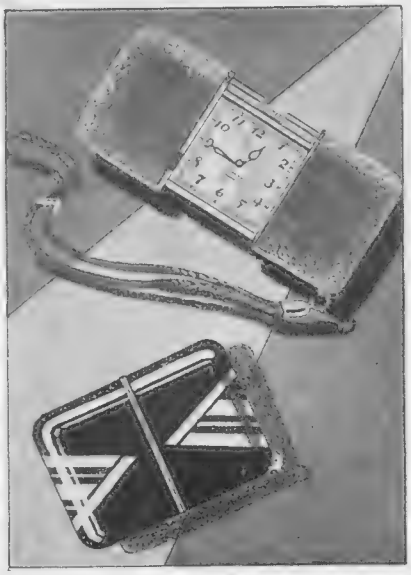
What better present is there for the Christmas season than champagne? It certainly will be very greatly appreciated by the lucky recipient and by his guests! Moët and Chandon's 1919 vintage Dry Imperial appears to be a worthy successor of the many fine vintages which this house has shipped to England, and is highly esteemed by connoisseurs.

A neatly tailored and attractive dress from Rhonia

Flattering Furs

No woman can resist the beauty and the softness of furs, for she knows that she has no more flattering friend. In order to help girls whose allowances are strictly apportioned month by month, the National Fur Co., 193, Brompton Road, have devised a system of payments by instalments. Sketched on this page is a three-skin tie of sable marmot, which costs 6½ guineas. Two-skin ties cost only 3½ guineas, while others in mink and squirrel are available for the same price. Then there are charming moleskin coats for 9½ guineas. And others of sable-dyed coney for as little as 9 guineas.

A hat and scarf of tweed and angora, with a bag of leather and tweed. (Richard Sands)



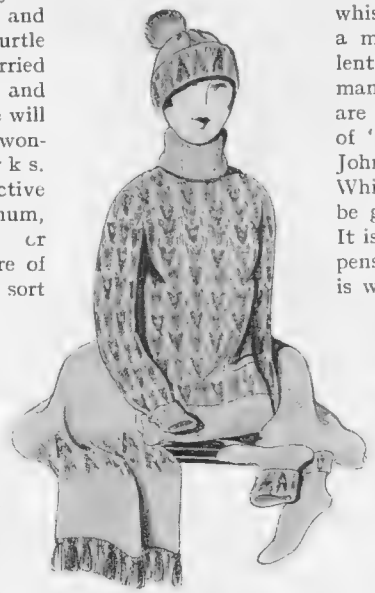
Ermeto watches combine beauty and an amazing degree of strength and durability

A Modern Watch

The Ermeto is a modern watch which has been eagerly adopted by modern people. Beautiful to look at, it is very small, absolutely reliable, and dust, damp, and shock proof. Safe as a turtle in its shell, it may be carried in a handbag or a pocket, and no amount of disturbance will throw out of gear its wonderfully regulated works. Among the many distinctive cases are ones in platinum, gold, lacquer, enamel, or shagreen, while others are of silver, covered with any sort of leather or reptile skin. They may be seen at de Travers, 197A, Regent Street.

For Winter Sports

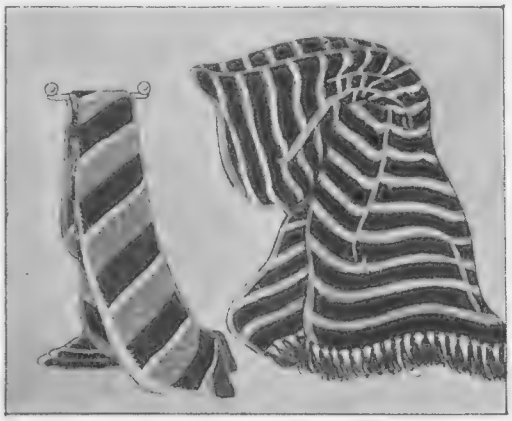
Winter sports enthusiasts would welcome such a gift as the set of woollies sketched on this page, which come from Burberrys, Haymarket. Carried out in canary-yellow wool, with a pattern in orange and royal blue, there is a sweater, cap, scarf, and socks, all to match. This firm enjoys so enviable a reputation among winter sports experts that it seems unnecessary to state that they have a large selection of irreproachable outfits.



These woollies for the winter sports enthusiast come from Burberrys

For Men's Wear

When searching for gifts which will be acceptable to men, wend your way to T. M. Lewin, 39, Panton Street, Haymarket, secure in the knowledge that then you cannot go wrong. The tie here depicted is cut from a Reppe silk square, and costs only 5s. 6d. In uncrushable weave silk it is priced at 7s. 6d. There is a huge selection to choose from. Also of Reppe silk is the scarf, which may be obtained in plain colours with barred ends, or in striped design, either costing 28s. 6d. each.



A tie and scarf of Reppe silk, from T. M. Lewin

An Excellent Suggestion

As soon as someone makes the suggestion, nearly everybody will agree that a case, or a bottle or two, of good whisky makes a most excellent present for almost any man. For people nowadays are becoming more in favour of "sensible" presents, and John Jameson Three Star Whisky would be certain to be greeted with approbation. It is made by the old and expensive pot-still method, and is world-famous for its guaranteed age.

John Jameson Three Star Whisky is excellent

A Wonderful Opportunity

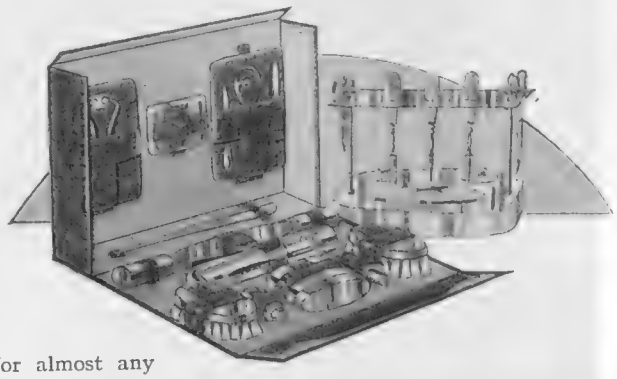
A splendid opportunity is awaiting everybody who goes to Drew and Sons, 215, Piccadilly, to choose presents from among the beautiful and distinguished things which may always be found there, for they are having a 20 per cent. rebuilding sale. Illustrated on this page is an admirably compact dressing case for a man. Made of crocodile, and lined with pigskin, it is fitted with silver-topped bottles and hair brushes, with an engine-turned plaid design. It costs £42, less 20 per cent. The very attractive manicure set is of silver gilt and pink enamel, on a glass stand. The price is £6 15s., also less 20 per cent.

An Inestimable Boon

Here is a present that any man will appreciate. It makes the whole business of shaving a form of luxury, and it is a gift that keeps on "giving." Year after year its wonderful hollow-ground blade shaves smoothly and quickly, and it strops and hones itself without leaving its case. The Imperial silver-plated Rolls Razor set illustrated on this page, fitted with holders for soaps and brush, costs £2, but there is a range of selection catering for all tastes from one guinea upwards. The Rolls Razor people have also introduced the Rolls "Imperial" soap bowl—more soap in a thin bowl—which costs 3s. 6d.; and refills can be obtained for 2s.

Old Brandy for Old Friends

There is something particularly satisfying about a fine old liqueur brandy, and the thoughts of one's friends are sure to be very kindly if one has been inspired to present them with such a gift.



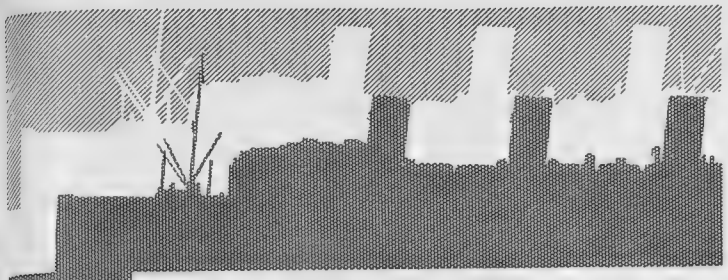
A dressing case with silver fittings, and an enamelled manicure set. From Drew & Sons

The famous "Cordon Bleu" is guaranteed thirty-five years in cask. With such a pedigree behind it, and backed by the name of Martell's, it is an after-dinner brandy *par excellence*.

For the Dressing Case

A new patented vanity-bag or dressing-case device, which is destined to become very popular, has just made its appearance under the title "Mirex." It is a light and charmingly fashioned mirror, or, rather, two mirrors in combination, so designed that it is possible to see not only the face, but the profile, the back, and even a glimpse of the top of the head. It stands up anywhere, enabling both hands to be used. Daintily encased in silk or leatherette, there is also a large "Mirex" made for men's travelling cases. They may be obtained at Boots, and at many jewellers and stores.

The Rolls Razor Imperial outfit, with silver-plated razor and holders for soaps and brush



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Five happy days in the atmosphere of Paris itself and then—New York.

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"That's why I've learnt to value ODOL !

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WITHIN the last few months over 600 Dentists have voluntarily testified to the excellence of ODOL. These letters can be inspected at our offices.

You will also like ODOL TOOTHPASTE.
Per large tube - - 1/-
Whitens the teeth within 6 days without damaging the enamel.

Odol
Proved the best for Mouth & Teeth

Large Flask 3/6; Medium Flask 2/6; Trial Flask 6d.

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Aldwych. O.T. 6/28.

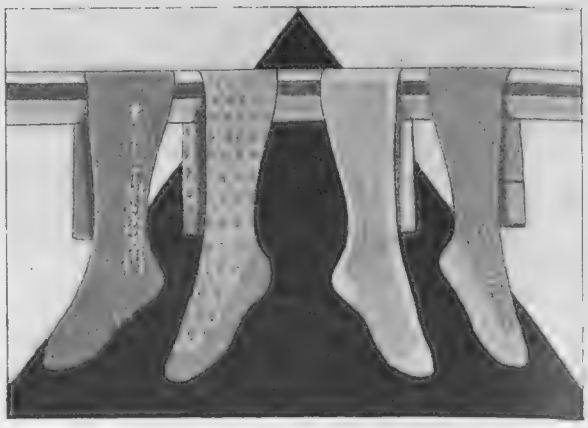
A Useful Hat

How useful and charming a gift would be the little hat sketched on this page. It comes from Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, and is made of waterproof velvet, decoratively stitched, and simply banded with Petersham ribbon. For riding it is quite *de rigueur*; for country wear it would be becoming, and a change from the felts to which we are so faithful, while for town wear it would be extremely neat and comfortable.

A delightful little hat of waterproof velvet, most decoratively stitched. From Robert Heath

An Ever-welcome Gift

The most envied of women are those who have a "special" little shop where they buy their stockings, the whereabouts of which they guard most jealously. Here, then, is a name to conjure with, and the address of a shop which should be visited without delay. It is G. P. Yorke, 82, Grosvenor Street, W. Illustrated on this page (on the left of the group) is a stocking in black wool and mercerised cotton, with a light embroidered clock. It costs 8*s.* 11*d.* Next comes a golf stocking in beige and tan wool for 6*s.* 11*d.* Thirdly a synthetic silk stocking with an open clock and reinforced heel and toe This costs 5*s.* 11*d.* While the last, which is priced at 6*s.* 11*d.*, is in lisle in shades of beige and tan.



Stockings for the links, and others of filmy silk for evening wear. From G. P. Yorke

Famous Lawn Mowers

A lawn mower might be an original, and it would certainly be a very useful, gift. Ransomes' Lawn Mowers are known to everybody, and they range from such ones as the "Automaton Minor," which is of the roller type, suitable for small gardens, and is available from £5, to elaborate motor mowers designed for golf courses. It is also good news to hear that wearing parts can always be replaced promptly. An illustrated catalogue will be sent free on application to Ransomes, Sims and Jefferies, 69, Old Broad Street, E.C.

A Welcome Solution

Christmas presents for men sometimes present a rather difficult problem, but what could be a more welcome and lasting gift than a Gillette Safety Razor in one of the newest attractive cases? The "Tuckaway," for example, is a small, compact set in a triple silver-plated case. The razor itself is of the new improved type, triple silver-plated with a metal blade box containing ten of the perfect double-edged blades. This same razor can be had gold-plated at the same price, £1 1*s.* The "Richwood" is similar in all respects, but it is in a mahogany finished wood case.

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Made from JUICE of FRUITS AND SUGAR—not from Essences or Powders

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For Ten Days at the Christmas Season.

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THE Wolsey Christmas Gift is for purchasers of a box of Wolsey-Lustral ('Diane') Hose containing two pairs, or a box of Wolsey Cashmere ('Hebe') Hose containing two pairs. The Gift is a pair of the famous

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The Quality Suspender for Quality Corsets.

The sheer loveliness of the present-day silk stockings demands a suspender especially designed to protect their marvellous woven strands. The Sphere 'GRIPMOR' Suspender fills this need.

One FREE pair of Sphere 'Gripmor' Suspenders is included in each box containing two pairs of Wolsey-Lustral ('Diane') Hose or two pairs of Wolsey Cashmere ('Hebe') Hose. This free offer is made to induce you to try for yourself the wonderful quality of Wolsey Hose. We know that once you have tried them you will always wear them.

Your Draper or Outfitter is now ready to hand you the free pair of Sphere 'Gripmor' Suspenders. Order your 2 pairs of Wolsey-Lustral or Wolsey Cashmere Hose to-day.

If you have any difficulty in getting Wolsey Hose, a postcard to us will bring the name of a shopkeeper who can supply you.

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There is a "Fyne-Poynt" Pencil to match any "Swan" Pen. Prices from 5/-.

No. SF. 230C Black or Mottled with Clip **23/6**

Jade with Rolled Gold Bands. **22/6**

Self-filling "Swans" from 15/- (Black or Mottled)

In Artistic Colours from 17/6

Other "Swans" from 10/6

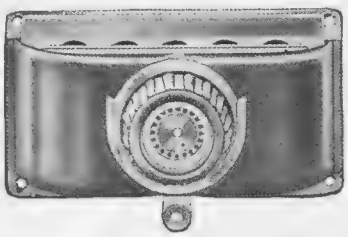
Gentlemen's Set comprising: Self-Filling "Swan" Pen and "Fyne-Poynt" Pencil with Rolled Gold Mounts and Pocket Clips. Complete in case, 35/-

A Novel Suggestion

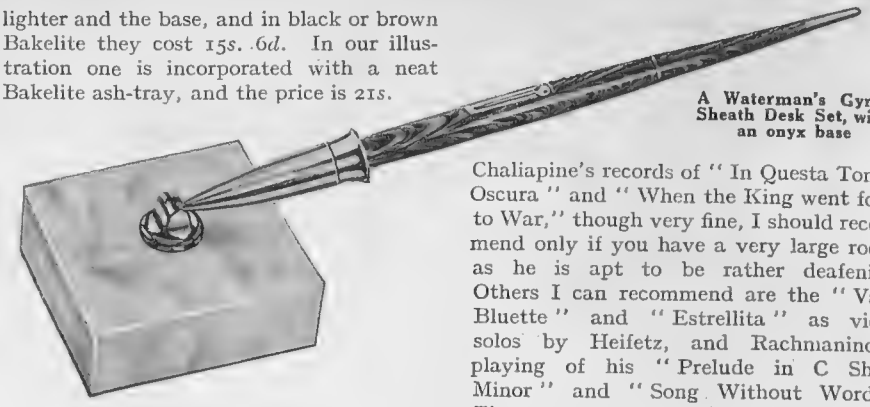
Every year provides its novelties for the Christmas shopper in search of the distinctive and unusual, and this year there are the new Waterman's Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets to capture the fancy of the discriminating. It consists of a beautiful onyx base, with or without polished brass mounting; a sheath, which moves in any direction, to hold the pen, and a Waterman's pen in the new Two-Tone Ripple colours. Complete with pen, they are sold at from 32*s.* 6*d.* to £3 3*s.*, the one illustrated being priced at 32*s.* 6*d.*

For Motorists

Every motorist knows how maddening it can be to long for a cigarette and to discover that short of pulling up and crouching behind the windscreen it is impossible to obtain a light. Smith's Wire-less Lighters, which can be fixed to the dashboard, eliminate all difficulties in this direction. All that is necessary is to press the switch, slide out the heated element, and use it to light up, or pass it around the car. There are no wires between the lighter and the base, and in black or brown Bakelite they cost 15*s.* 6*d.* In our illustration one is incorporated with a neat Bakelite ash-tray, and the price is 21*s.*



A Smoker's Companion, incorporating a neat ash-tray and a Smith's Wire-less Lighter



A Waterman's Gyro-Sheath Desk Set, with an onyx base

Christmas Cards and Calendars

C. W. Faulkner and Co., Ltd., have once again a fine selection of Christmas cards, calendars, and novelties that will have a universal appeal, their "Great Thoughts" and their "Shakespearean" calendars being particularly artistic. Hills and Co.'s calendars are as useful as ever, "The Day's Reminder," an engagement calendar with quotations and spaces for hourly appointments, being invaluable to business men. Another type of calendar that should be in every office is the "At-a-Glance" calendar, manufactured by the "At-a-Glance" Co., Ltd. These have the day's date surrounded by a small movable red frame, so that the date can be seen literally "at a glance."

Some New Records

I was trying over some of the records lately issued by H.M.V. I liked Paul Robeson's Plantation Songs (C.1585), but Chaliapine's records of "In Questa Tomba Oscura" and "When the King went forth to War," though very fine, I should recommend only if you have a very large room, as he is apt to be rather deafening. Others I can recommend are the "Valse Bluette" and "Estrellita" as violin solos by Heifetz, and Rachmaninoff's playing of his "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" and "Song Without Words." These are very fine records and will make worthy additions to any collection.

Christmas at Bath

The city of Bath has always been popular with Society since the elegant days of Beau Nash, and a little booklet from the Pump Room, Bath, sets forth a most attractive Christmas programme, including music, dancing, and water parties, a pantomime at the Theatre Royal, variety at the Palace Theatre, pictures at the Assembly Rooms and cinemas, and attractive holiday programmes at the hotels, while there is always the "Bath Cure" and the everflowing hot springs. There are excellent railway facilities to Bath, while the Bath hotels are offering special Christmas terms. This excellent booklet, entitled "A Little of Everything this Christmas at Bath," contains a detailed programme of Christmas events. It may be obtained from the Official Information Bureau, Bath.

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Plans of hotels and full particulars on application to the Secretary, Dept. R, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1.

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Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
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Dress and Lingerie for Winter Wear.

TO create ***new*** *colours and blends,* ***new*** *designs,* ***new*** *textures and effects,* ***Courtaulds Limited*** *are always collaborating with the leaders of Fashion throughout the whole world. Whether you are concerned about a gay dance frock, a set of shimmering lingerie, attractive yet serviceable dresses, or other articles for the children's wear, the range of* ***Courtaulds' Fabrics*** *turns problems of choice into lasting pleasure. Delicate shades are colour-fast. And though each texture is distinctive, the coveted line and drape of to-day are easily achieved. Style, worth and usefulness are skilfully woven into every yard. The name is on the Selvedge.*

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Looks like silk, is more durable than silk, and is much cheaper than silk. 37/38 ins. wide.
Striped designs.
Per yard **3/3d.**
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The fabric that drapes gracefully, wears well, and retains its luxurious appearance after washing. 37/38 ins. wide.
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"Clytie" SATIN

Everything a high-grade Satin should be. For occasions when fashion demands something different, something distinctive. Sold in dainty shades.
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AVOCADA PEARS WITH ANCHOVY CREAM.
ORANGE QUARTERS.

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MIX equal parts of grape-fruit pulp and grape and pine-apple juice, add a few cherries, and place in cocktail glasses. Fill up with chipped ice, and serve.

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Grape-Fruit Meringue Pie

Beat four yolks of eggs well, add a cup of granulated sugar, the grated rind of an orange, and the juice of a grape-fruit. Boil and then leave to cool. Beat the four whites of eggs with a teaspoonful of sugar until quite stiff. Mix half with the first mixture and pour into baked crust. Spread the remaining beaten white on top to form meringue, and place in a slow oven to brown.

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Peel and halve two pears, make a hollow for the mixture, and lay each half-pear on a sippet of very crisp toast. Take the yolks and whites of two hard-boiled eggs chopped fine, two olives chopped fine, and a teaspoonful of capers. Fill the hollows in the pears with this mixture. Pound two boned and scraped anchovies to a paste, and mix thoroughly with two tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Pour a dessert-spoonful of the mixture over each pear.

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Halve some oranges and scoop out the pulp, fill with orange gelatine, and set on ice. When quite firm cut in half again and serve.

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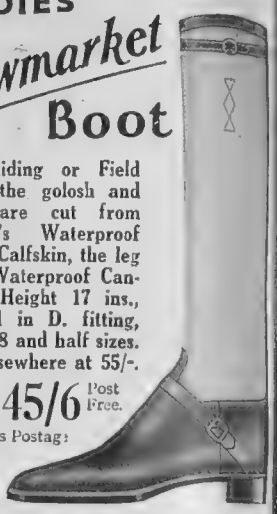

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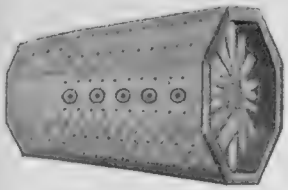

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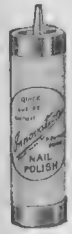

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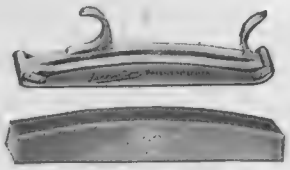

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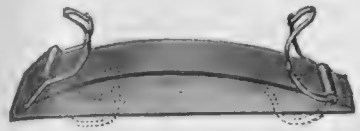

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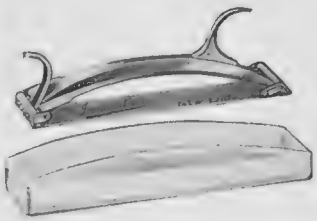

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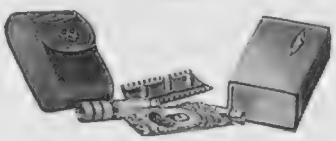

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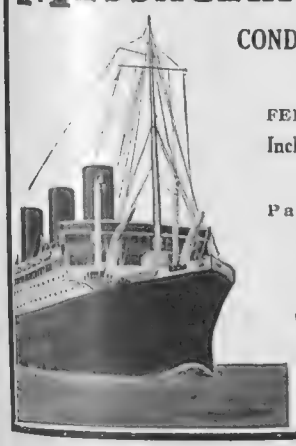

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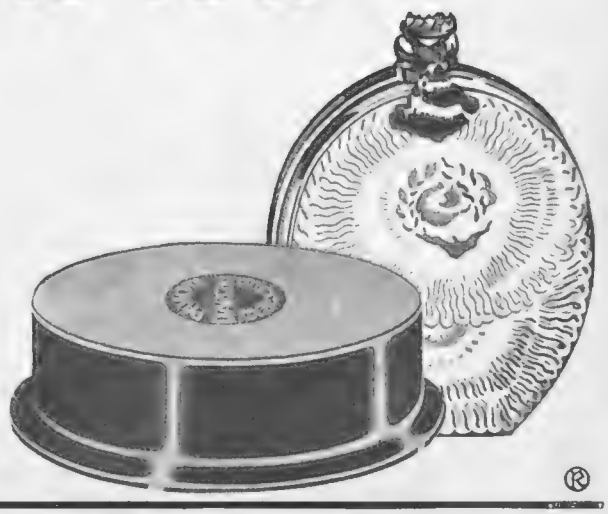

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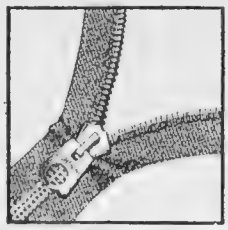
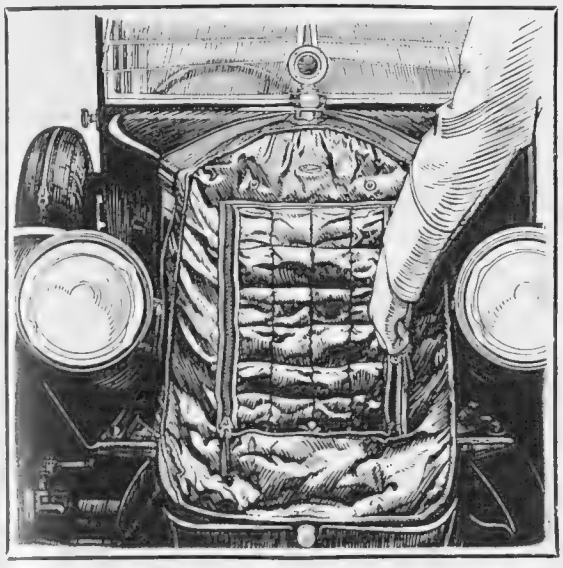
The "LIGHTNING"  FASTENER



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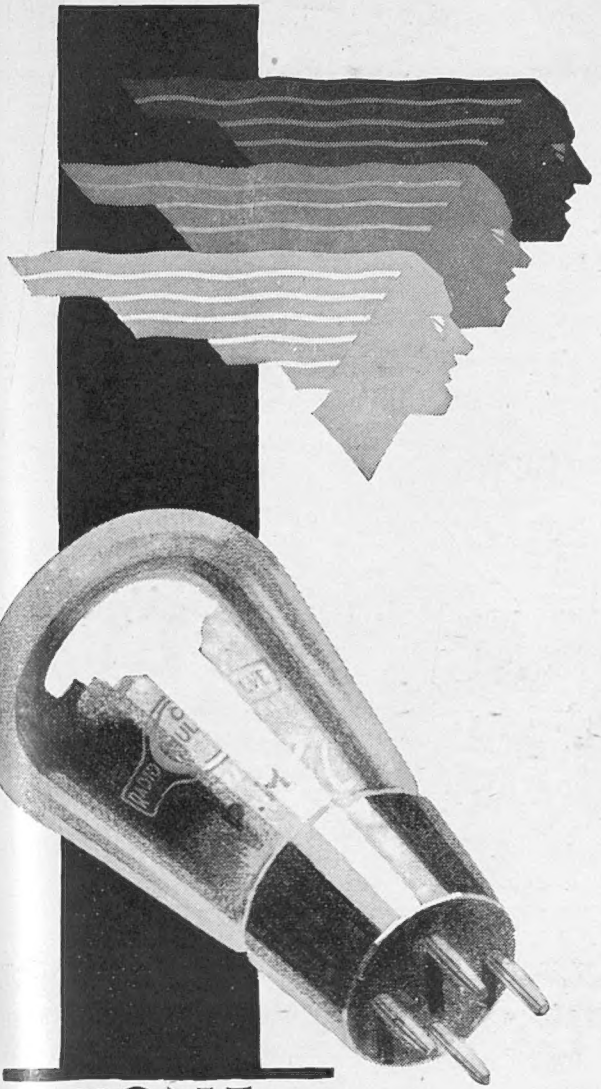

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